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FAR FROM HOME.

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THEY had been up to Trinita di Monti to listen to the nuns singing, and Gary Willoughby managed very artfully, as he thought, to lose the rest of the party, and have Miriam Vaughn to himself on the way home. But speedy punishment for his deceitful works overtook him in the form of one of Miriam's numerous caprices, the name of which was at all times legion.

She declared that they must go down the hundred stone steps of famous memory, and so reach the Piazza di Spagna. Expostulation was useless, therefore Gary submitted. But he did lift up his voice in smothered wrath when Miriam stopped midway in the descent, and informed him that, in spite of history and newspaper writers, she did not believe, never had believed, and never would believe there were a hundred steps, unless he counted them in her presence then and there. Down she sat on the stones, regardless of her velvet walking-dress, and the stares of a party of decorous English, and announced her intention of not stirring from the spot until her wish was gratified. She looked so handsome in her wickedness, that though Willoughby felt more angry with her than he had ever done in his life, furious as she had many times made him, he was conscious of an insane desire to smother her with kisses without mercy or space for repentance.

She was not a fairy of a creature to whom such tricks would have seemed natural; she was rather a stately-looking damsel, and, I am happy to say, she did not possess blonde hair; nor was it bronze, nor did it even have red reflections on it; glossy, luxuriant, and very dark chestnut, one could admire it without being reminded of golden dyes, or poisonous acids, or anything else disagreeable.

Gary was fearfully in love, but he could not quite forget that he was past thirty, nor consent willingly to make a spectacle of himself by marching up the steps, then down, and counting the numbers in a loud voice for a bevy of insular wanderers to stare at.

"Are you going?" asked Miss Vaughn.

He began to expostulate.

"Never mind all that," said she. "I want a plain answer to a plain question."

He urged her to go home; he told her they should make a paragraph in some scribbler's letter; he pouted—he ill-treated his mustache; she only said,

"To go or not to go? Don't stand here growling at me—people will think we are married. I'd rather be a paragraph in a newspaper!"

This avowal made him look so reproachful and hurt, as it might any man whose betrothed uttered a sentiment so atrocious, that she burst out laughing; then he waxed angry again, and muttered something about "reaching limits, and unpardonable arrogance, and the like."

"Do you mean to go?" she asked, her voice grown ominously quiet. "You can quarrel with me after at your leisure, when you get your breath back."

"But, Miriam——"

"It is time for me to be at home," she interrupted. "Once more—are you going? It may be a little thing, it may be a silly one, but I have chosen it as a test. We have quarreled more than enough lately."

He gave one last pull at his mustache, cast upon her what the novels would call "a stony glare," and set his foot on the step above the one where she was seated.

"You are to count," said she, "from here to the top; then begin from where I am, and count to the bottom."

"One!" groaned Willoughby, looking back at the Britishers, who were still staring; but there were four tall women and one gray-

haired fat man—no chance of knocking anybody down.

"Have you started?" demanded Miss Vaughn.

"Didn't I shout—one?" retorted he.

"Oh, you did! Then two comes next."

"Two," repeated her victim; "three," and pushed his long legs up another step. "Four—five."

"Gary," she called, in the most amiable tone; he never turned his head. "Gary!"

"Nine—ten," howled Willoughby, two desperate now to heed lookers-on.

"Come back here this instant," commanded his tormentor; and back he went, and stood before her, wearing a more reproachful look than ever—and she rewarded him for his obedience by going into a hearty fit of laughter. "You weren't actually off?" she asked, as soon as she could speak. "You dear old boy—what a goose a man in love always is! Don't you know that's not the way to manage me? You ought to have gone straight home and left me to pout."

A very foolish little affair from first to last, which certainly ought to have made no serious difficulty between the pair; but you and I learned in the days when we made love, or were made love to, according to our sex, that the trifles most frequently caused real trouble, and more heartaches, were found in a bit of folly not worth noticing, than in all the grave causes for offence which we may have given or received.

Willoughby burst into fretful upbraiding. She stopped laughing, and went back to the sentence he muttered as he began climbing the steps.

"You said I had reached the furtherest limit—be good enough to explain that remarkable speech."

He did not; but he rehearsed the story of her coquetries, of her caprices, of all the wrongs he had suffered at her hands during that Roman winter, in which they had been so happy, notwithstanding their troubles, and he made himself more angry by his eloquence, and roused her temper, too.

"Is that an epic?" she asked. "It certainly is as long as the story that tiresome old Æneas told Queen Dido—and I'm not in a mood for poetry."

"I believe you have no feeling whatever!" he exclaimed; "not a shadow."

"It is well you are finding it out in time," said she; and then for ten minutes they quarreled outrageously, getting so far away from the original cause of disagreement, and in such a state of excitement, that neither could have remembered how the difficulty began.

They agreed about one thing at last—that there was no chance for happiness to either if their engagement continued, it was better that it should be broken; and by this time they were both in a white rage, so intense that it seemed composure to themselves and to each other. I have told this lightly, and yet it gives one a heartache to write such things; they hold a warning lesson, too, if only the young could be made to see it.

"This was what you wanted," Willoughby said. "You never meant to marry me any more than you did the dupes before me—you are utterly without heart or conscience! I suppose, American woman like, you want to sell yourself for a foreign coronet."

"What I may mean, or want, cannot concern you now," Miriam answered. "It is plain that you ought not to marry me; you need for a wife some baby or slave, who will have no will but yours—go find her! Educate an orphan; teach her to look up to you and say with Eve, 'My author and disposer,' that would suit you exactly."

"Many thanks for the counsel," said he; "I'll not forget it! I see no other hope for me. At least, a girl young enough and humbly enough born not to be spoiled from her cradle, might be kept from the influences that have turned you and the women of your time into what you are."

"I am going home now," Miss Vaughn observed. "Be good enough to give me your arm down the steps—we may as well keep up a pretence of decent breeding for the benefit of lookers-on."

Then they quarreled a little more, then they started down the precipitous descent, and though his ears rang, and his eyes were dizzy with pain, and he knew that the best dream of his life had come to an end, Gary found himself insanely counting each step as he set his foot on it, and he wished impiously that they might fall headlong and reach destruction at the bottom.

But they gained the ill-paved square at length, and then, leaning against one of the great masses of masonry, they came upon two wandering minstrel-girls, who had paused to rest a little in their weary employment of earning blocchi enough to buy food and shelter before evening.

Miriam caught sight of them first, and in the midst of her anger and preoccupation she could not help pausing to admire; the wistful,

mournful faces, perhaps, touched a deeper chord in her heart than they would at another time have done. The elder girl was holding her violin to her bosom, looking straight before her with an absent, far-off gaze, as if questioning the life which had been so gloomy and hard; and the child beside her, possibly accustomed to such moods, stood clinging silently to her dress, her head bowed, and her great eyes filled with a sorrowful wisdom that no child's eyes should have, fixed upon the pair who approached.

"There is your orphan," Miriam said, bitterly, to her companion. "Indeed, a pair—Fate has thrown a choice in your way."

"I shall accept the omen," he answered.

Miriam went up to the girls, and he followed.

"You look tired," she said, to the elder, in Italian.

The girl started nervously, and the little one answered in broken dialect,

"She is very tired, and I'm hungry."

"You are not Romans?" Miriam said.

"No, signora," returned the elder girl; "we are Savoyards."

"Grandmother died, and the kids died, and they drove us out of the cottage," explained the little one volubly.

"Never mind," the other whispered.

"But I do mind," Miriam said. "I want to hear."

She made them tell their little story; Willoughby stood by, wearing an indifferent manner, which roused her to fresh anger. A moment before she had been so softened that one kind word from him would have led her to attempt a reconciliation.

"I am doing this on your account," she said to him in English. "I want to help Fate in her efforts in your behalf."

"You are very good," he replied; "I can help myself. Will you go home now?"

"Thanks—I'll not trouble you! I see our carriage at the English stationer's. I'll leave you with your orphans."

"Then you mean this to be the end?" he said.

"As we agreed. I am glad—so are you."

"Very!" he exclaimed. "I'll make your cruel jest good. I will accept the care of these children, that I swear."

"And I am witness of the oath," she returned. "Good-morning, Mr. Willoughby, and good-by."

She walked rapidly away across the square. He did not offer to follow for an instant: when he did, she ordered him imperiously back.

"We are strangers," she said; "these attempts at civility are an intrusion."

So he stood still and watched her till she reached her carriage, saw her enter, saw her drive away, and knew that the end had come. No matter how it had been brought about, the dream was over; neither could ever pardon or forget; he was to try now what life would be without Miriam Vaughn.

He was roused from his troubled reflections by a pull at his coat. He looked down and saw the child with her wistful eyes raised to his face; the elder had already turned and was walking away.

"I'm so hungry," pleaded the child in her pretty, broken Italian. "Shall I sing for you?"

"Call your sister back," Willoughby said; and as she flew off in obedience, he thought, "I'll keep my word, at least so far as taking care of them is concerned—I believe it was meant."

The two girls returned; the child too full of her childish wants to think of anything else; but the elder looked fairly sullen, as if this nomadic life, with toil added, and worse yet, this depending on charity for sustenance, hurt her pride, and in her ignorant way she rebelled against the decrees of Fate as imperiously as a poet, or a ruined kaiser could do.

"I want you to come in an hour to the palazzo Fiano——"

"It's on the Corso," interrupted the child; but the elder girl put up her finger in sign for her to stop, though she did not move her eyes from Willoughby's face.

"You know where it is? You must ask for——" he had taken a card from his pocket, but hesitated, suddenly remembering that the words engraved would, probably, be hieroglyphics to them.

"I can read," the girl said, so haughtily that the tone reminded him of Miriam Vaughn.

"Then come and ask for me," he replied. "Don't fail, and—you must take this in the meantime."

The child was eagerly snatching the money he held out; but her sister pulled her back, saying,

"We haven't earned it. I didn't play—we'll not take it."

But Willoughby tossed the silver to the child and hurried off, recollecting only that he and Miriam were parted forever, and that his last hold on youth and its hopes had been wrenched away.

A week later, Gary Willoughby stood in sight of the pyramids, and watched the sun sink red

and burning into the mysterious silence of the desert beyond, and with a loathing "of love, and life, and all things," turned his face resolutely toward the East, striving always to leave memory, as he had hope, behind.

It was only a month after that, one morning when the American letters came in, Miriam Vaughn and her step-mother found that Fortune's wheel had taken a spiteful turn, and crushed them cruelly under its heaviest spokes. Their wealth had disappeared as suddenly as something enchanted, as treasures in this country have a trick of doing, and the first thing was to get back to America. That was Mrs. Vaughn's decision, that is, if her complaints, tears, counter-resolves, could be said to hold one, and as far as the weakly woman and her brood of fledglings were concerned, Miriam considered it best. For her own part, she had neither tears nor murmurs; she was not resigned, nor was she overwhelmed; she was ready to do battle with life and win her way. There would be enough for her step-mother to clothe and keep a roof over her children's heads—her relations must help about the rest. Miriam determined to remain in Europe for the present—to be a governess, if she could find a situation. Of course, Mrs. Vaughn went into hysterics, but Miriam brought her out, and proved that there was nobody to take care of her. Mrs. Vaughn's relatives naturally would not choose to support her, if she would allow them, and she had no kindred of her own, except the ill-conducted troop of half-brothers and sisters; unless it might be a wild slip of a midshipman, who called her cousin, but whom she had not seen since a school-boy.

Miriam's plans were quickly conceived and settled, the necessary letters written; and by the time Mrs. Vaughn was ready to start under the escort of some acquaintance on her homeward journey, Miriam was prepared to set forth in a different direction and begin her battle.

She was going back to Tuscany, so full of memories of girlish happiness and triumphs. Out on the hill-road that leads to Fiesole, in one of the pleasant villas scattered along it, lived an English lady, who had formerly been Miriam's governess. She had charge of some Russian prince's daughter, two or three English girls, and a few Italians; commanding outrageous prices, and able to live in comfort, and, better than all, she was a real woman, and Miriam could trust to her judgment and kindness.

Once more Miriam descended at the Florentine station, was put into a carriage, said farewell to her friends, drove down the Cascine road toward the beautiful city, and looked about, wondering that everything could have remained so unchanged, while her life had been desolated by such cruel tempests—it is so difficult for youth in its unconscious egotism to learn that a drop of water is of no consequence in the ocean!

She passed through the city, out of the gates, and was hurried away to her new home. I might make a sensational point here, I suppose, but it would be wasted—you know what she found when she reached Mrs. Osborne's villa. As the carriage stopped before the veranda, a child's merry laugh roused her. She glanced out; a little girl was playing with a dog, and near by, leaning against a pillar, and looking straight before her with an absent gaze, stood a girl of perhaps fifteen. Miriam and Gary Willoughby's charges had again met by one of those mysterious laws which we call chance, but which never fail, never vary from their course, remorselessly bringing us to the people whom we are to meet, bringing them to us, with the whole portion of trouble or pleasure they are to force into our lives.

Late that night, Mrs. Osborne and her new assistant sat talking together; and when everything connected with future arrangements had been completed, Mrs. Osborne began giving some account of her pupils, while Miriam listened in silence.

"But they are of slight consequence," Mrs. Osborne said, dismissing the Russian, the English girls, and the Italians, with brief comment.

"I have a real romance—I shall tell it to you."

Miriam looked less interested than a woman ought at such a promise; but Mrs. Osborne would not be discouraged.

"Last year I became well acquainted with a wealthy American gentleman, a Mr. Willoughby; young and handsome—you see I want to put in all the details that make my history like a novel! A few weeks since he wrote me from Rome, to say that he was starting for the East, telling me that he wished to place two Savoyard girls under my care. I was to educate them. In three years he should return; and I gathered that he meant to educate the elder for his wife, though she is not to know it. My dear, he offered me a small fortune. I telegraphed, 'Yes,' and on the pair came—the oddest wild creatures, but full of capabilities and promise, and prouder than Lucifer."

Miriam tried to say what was proper, but failed so signally, that to avoid an appearance of mystery she told her whole story, and it was agreed that Gary Willoughby was not to know she was there.

"These girls are to be your special charge," Mrs. Osborne said. "Their mother's name was Despard—a French woman. They are to be called so—Nina and Fanchon; and nobody but ourselves need know their history."

Miriam began her duties in a season of greater exigency than either she or Mrs. Osborne imagined, for before the morning dawned, little Fanchon was taken alarmingly ill. The child was removed the next day to a little house near the villa, lest the other pupils should be alarmed, though there was nothing contagious in her malady, and over her sick bed Miriam and Nina began their companionship.

In ten days the beautiful creature was carried away to the burying-ground, and Nina Despard went almost mad with the tumultuous grief which belongs to a nature like hers.

Miriam had taken upon herself a weary task, but she did not falter; and when at last the girl's struggles and despair ended in a serious illness, Miriam watched over her day and night, so that when Nina came back to life, she was ready to center upon her new friend all the passionate love which had been her sister's.

You will think that after presenting Miriam Vaughn to you in her willfulness and pride, I am now turning her into perfection. No such thing. She was true to her character—just as full of faults as ever; but she was a strong, earnest woman at heart, and from the time destiny had forced exertion upon her, she had been eager for the fray, and never once thought of being cast down or helpless. Of course, in her conduct toward Nina, she had a feeling of martyrdom, such as women like. She would do her best by this girl; she would develop her mind and heart; and when the season of probation was ended, she would give her up to Gary Willoughby, and say, "I have done this—have I earned your forgiveness? Receive your wife at my hands, and be happy."

And for herself after? Oh, no matter! she had nothing left in the future. It was all arranged for her—duties like the present, a home with Mrs. Osborne, dreary spinsterhood, or, perhaps, death—if that would only come.

You can imagine how the days passed with her, grew into weeks, months, even years, with seasons of passive endurance, stubborn obstinacy, active rebellion—the whole dreary round which we fight over and over before we learn to accept existence on a higher plane, to bear this world's burdens because they are right—the very trials needed for the growth of our souls.

Outwardly she had a quiet, monotonous existence, never making any sign to old friends, receiving no letters even, save an occasional one from her step-mother, which was always a sort of mental blister-plaster of complaints and reproaches.

Three years went by; Nina Despard was eighteen, and Miriam called herself ancient—she was twenty-four. She was astonished to find that she was neither wrinkled or gray-haired, and somewhat resented the fact. As I do not believe that any human being can possibly go on suffering always, night and day, for three years, in spite of romance and poetry, I am not ashamed to confess that Miriam found there was a good deal left in life after the first glory has worn off it. By this time, she could write on her heart the words which La Valliere inscribed on the door of her convent cell, "Not happy, but content;" though it was contentment of a higher sort than solitude and a recluse's prayers can ever give, for she had constant occupation, and the pleasure of feeling that she was of use, and had work to her hand, however humble and confined the sphere.

It was summer once more. The pupils had gone away for their season of relaxation; Mrs. Osborne had been ordered to the Baths of Lucca, and had taken her Russian princess with her—a dreadful white elephant that princess was, with brains like a sponge—and Miriam and Nina Despard were living quietly at the villa, amusing themselves after their own fashion.

And one day a surprise came into the house in the shape of Miriam's handsome cousin, Ned Vaughn, now a first lieutenant attached to the Mediterranean squadron, and likely to be within reach of Miriam for a year.

Ned had just come from America, and could give her news of everybody and everything; was delighted to see her; vowed her handsomer than ever; promised that she should not continue, what he called her slavery, many years, and so forth, both talking nineteen to the dozen, as was natural.

But the door opened, and as it closed quickly, Ned sprung up with a smothered exclamation, and Miriam said,

"Who was it?"

"The most beautiful creature I ever set eyes on!" cried the inflammable lieutenant.

"My pupil, Mademoiselle Nina, I suppose," Miriam explained. "Come out into the garden, we shall find her there; she's very shy, but a charming girl—not a bit missish."

Ned followed Miriam willingly enough, and they came upon Nina seated in an arbor, making an unconscious picture under the flowering vines in her simple white dress.

"You are not to run away," Miriam said. "Nina, this is the cousin I have told you about so often; you must not feel that he is a stranger."

"Indeed, I shall not," Nina replied, with a childish eagerness, prettily at variance with her appearance. "I am glad you have come, Mr. Vaughn, for now I shall have some one to tell how good she has been to me."

"Why, are you English?" asked Ned, in wonder.

"No, but she speaks the language as if she were," Miriam said.

"Thanks to her," cried Nina. "I have to thank her for everything—everything!" and in her foreign way she caught Miriam's two hands and kissed them; and Ned felt—well, as an excitable man does feel when he sees a lovely girl wasting kisses on one of her own sex.

They spent a delightful morning, and it was not until Ned had gone, promising to return the next day, that Miriam recollected she had not behaved with the caution a governess ought to have shown. She sat down at once and wrote a full account to Mrs. Osborne, and sent word to her cousin that he must not come again till she gave him leave.

"There is no reason why your cousin should not visit you," Mrs. Osborne replied; "because we are school-teachers we need not be dragons. In Mr. Willoughby's last letter, he says he wants Nina to begin to see people; besides, I suppose she will not be long under our care now—he will be in Florence in about a month."

Miriam had a return of her old wakeful nights, but she scolded her nerves well for their folly, and finally brought herself to believe that Gary Willoughby was no more to her than the other people connected with that past which had been so long dead and buried.

Glad of anything that took her away from thought, she welcomed Ned's visits, and Ned made himself wonderfully agreeable. He found saddle horses, and they taught Nina to ride; he caused them to make pleasant little pilgrimages; he persuaded them into the city to visit galleries and churches; he spent half his time at the villa on one pretext or another; and Miriam, fortified by Mrs. Osborne's permission, never dreamed of any harm.

Concerning Willoughby, Miriam and her charge had seldom talked; the girl had seen so little of him, that beyond gratitude for his kindness, she had no feeling whatever. At first, indeed, the burden of his goodness seemed to make her irritable, and during the months immediately succeeding her sister's death, she had been rebellious, and often threatened to go off and earn her own living, rather than be dependant on the bounty of a stranger.

But when a fortnight of this pleasant companionship had gone by, Miriam was roused to thought again, and saw that both she and Mrs. Osborne had been unwise.

Some eager words which Ned spoke one night as he was leaving the villa, wakened her. It was plain that his quick fancy was touched—as if that dreaming, passionate Nina had woven a romance, too! Miriam felt miserable and wicked. If Gary were to return and find that the girl's affection had been stolen from him, how furious he would be; he would believe it Miriam's work. She nearly went mad at the bare idea.

"I want to come in," she said, tapping at Nina's door, with a sudden resolve in her mind.

"Come, my best," Nina answered; and she went in and found the girl seated by the open window in the moonlight, looking so beautiful, that she seemed something more than human.

Miriam sat down and began to talk, gradually leading the conversation where she wanted it to rest. She considered it right that, without speaking plainly, she should warn Nina what Willoughby might reasonably expect on his return.

Talking of a novel they had lately read, helped her—novels are always useful! It was a case not dissimilar to Nina's own; but Miriam was distressed and alarmed when the girl pronounced very decided opinions.

"A woman doesn't love from duty or gratitude, Miriam," she said. "I could not have loved that man."

"But she had an opportunity to repay years of kindness; she could make this man's happiness in return for all he had done," Miriam urged.

"That sounds very grand," Nina said, impatiently; "but if she had to break her own heart to make her guardian happy, he was a brute if he would accept the sacrifice."

"But, Nina——"

"Darling Americana," the girl broke in, "I can't reason, but I am in the right. See, if I had been the girl, I would have slaved for that man, begged for him, given my life for his;

but marry where I did not love—never! It would be a sin; he could not be happy—never!"

Miriam crept away to her room, feeling that it would be worse than useless to pursue the conversation, and alone, in the stillness, she prayed God that Gary might be led to forgive her if by her thoughtlessness she had again endangered his hopes of peace. She must tell Ned the whole truth, and beg him not to come to the house any more. He only knew that Nina was an orphan, with a rich guardian; if he had heard the man's name, it meant nothing to him, as he had never known Willoughby; besides, when she did chance to mention him, Nina's words would have implied that he was an elderly man—thirty is elderly to fifteen.

The next morning, as Miriam was sitting in the library, she heard a carriage drive up, and a moment after a servant entered to say that a gentleman wished to see Mrs. Osborne. Miriam knew who it probably was—an Englishman that had a niece to place at the school. Mrs. Osborne had written Miriam he would come, and she was to see him, and make all arrangements in her employer's name.

"You may show him in," Miriam said.

The servant went out. Presently the door opened, and Miriam looking up in the dim light, found herself face to face with Gary Willoughby.

"They tell me Mrs. Osborne is from home," he said, bowing courteously, and speaking in French. "I suppose it is to mademoiselle I am to apply for the information I desire."

She was dizzy and faint, but she would not give away to her folly; she would be the staid, middle-aged governess suitable to the occasion.

She rose from her seat and walked toward him, saying, "I can tell you everything. First, I will say, how do you do, Mr. Willoughby?"

"Miss Vaughn!" he cried. "Is it really you?"

"I am Mrs. Osborne's head governess," she explained. "I have been for three years. She is at the baths; you were not expected so soon. Your ward is well, and will be glad to see you."

He was staring wildly at her. She could see that these three cruel years had changed him somewhat; he looked older, sterner; but it was Gary's face still. Ah! changed or not, it was nothing to her—she was his cast-off love!

"Is it really you?" he reflected.

"It really is," she answered. "Explanations are always tedious! I lost my money ages ago, and have been here ever since. Please sit down."

He seated himself near her speechlessly.

"Nina is well," she went on, "and very beautiful. We have done our best by her—we trust you will be satisfied."

She tried to say it in the monotonous voice Mrs. Osborne could assume, and to sit up rigid as a governess ought.

"You—you——" Willoughby began, and could get no further. "I can't understand," he fairly groaned.

"It seemed an odd chance," Miriam answered, still in Mrs. Osborne's voice. "When I came here I had no idea of finding your ward. I have tried to do my duty—I need no thanks. I have been well paid."

"Have I gone mad?" exclaimed Willoughby. "It can't be you—obliged to teach—to——"

"I suppose you think I am not fit," she broke in, forgetting Mrs. Osborne's voice, and speaking rather sharply. "I am a good deal changed since you knew me."

She had not meant to make one allusion to the past; she had intended to be business-like and proper; but she found herself sadly shaken and astray.

She thought he muttered, "Poor Miriam!" The idea of enduring his pity was more than she could bear.

"I will take you to Mademoiselle Despard," she said. "I think it right to tell you something, for which you may blame me. My cousin Edward has visited us frequently of late——"

"Do you mean that Nina has fallen in love with him?" he interrupted, in his turn.

"I don't know that; it was only yesterday that it occurred to me. I had been indiscreet. I wish you to know, if you can be made to believe it, that I had no disloyal thought toward you in permitting this acquaintance."

"I desired her to see people," he said; "there is no occasion for excuses."

"You are very good," returned she, with ungoverness-like haughtiness. "I will let Mademoiselle Nina know that you have come."

He started up as she was rising, and stood before her.

"Is this the way you meet me?" he exclaimed. "After all these years——"

"How else should I meet you?" was the conclusion she put to his sentence.

"You are still unforgiving—you still hate me?"

"A governess never indulges in extremes of feeling," said she, with acid sweetness. "You forget that we have done with the past—we meet on very different terms."

"And whose doing was it?" he asked, angrily.

"I thought then it was yours," she replied; "I have since learned that we were both to blame. But it does not matter. If there is anything to be forgiven on either side, let us do it and forget."

His face was turned away, so that she could not see how it changed under her chilling words. The spasm of emotion passed—he looked hard and stern again.

"I beg your pardon for being so slow to adopt your decorous line of conduct," he said. "I should like to see my ward. No, don't ring, I would rather meet her unexpectedly."

"She is in the garden," Miriam answered; "I will show you the way."

She walked out of the room, and he followed. They passed through the hall and garden-paths in silence, and came upon the summer-house.

"She is there, writing a letter," Miriam announced, pointing toward the entrance.

She looked into the arbor as she spoke—Willoughby looked, too. Nina was there, certainly, but not writing; Ned Vaughn was holding her hands in his, and she was saying,

"You must go away now—I shall tell Miriam myself."

"And you love me? You will never be worried into marrying that man?" he pleaded.

"If he is as good and noble as I believe him, he will not wish it, when I tell him the simple truth," Nina answered.

Miriam, aghast and almost faint at the unexpected scene, felt a hand upon her arm, felt herself drawn swiftly from the spot; and when she could in the least collect her senses, she found that she had been placed on a rustic chair, a long distance from the summer-house, and Gary Willoughby was standing before her, with folded arms, looking fixedly into her face.

"I don't know what to say," she faltered. "I can't explain—you will never believe me, and I can't blame you."

"Miriam," she heard him say, "you trained a wife for me, and then went to sleep and allowed a wolf to seize my lamb."

She was blinded with tears, but as well as she could see his face, she thought he was smiling, and that his features had brightened till every trace of these three weary years had faded from them. She could not speak—could not look up again; she buried her face in her hands, and sat waiting his condemnation.

"Miriam," he said, "before I had been gone a month I wrote to you—I have written twice since. Did you know it?"

She shook her head.

"I know how wrong, how unmanly I was. I loved you, but, oh! I love you better now. I beg you to forgive me! I meant to discover what had become of you; but I had no hope that life would grant me a meeting like this. Speak to me. Can you forgive me?"

He was at her feet, he was kissing her hands, uttering her name wildly, wailing out the story of his suffering and penitence.

"Say that I need not go—that you will try to love me again! Miriam! Miriam!"

The anguish in his voice restored her consciousness; she leaned her head upon his hand as he took hers, and whispered,

"I never forgot the old lesson—I have no need to learn."

And half an hour after, Ned Vaughn and Nina, passing down the garden-walk, came upon this couple; and there they all stood, a group so happy that I am sorry to leave their companionship, and fall back once more on reality.

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

I have not cast thy horoscope
By strange and planetary rule;
But well I know shines Mars the brave,
And Venus mild and beautiful.

I see thy future stretching far,
Ambition finds a noble scope,
And life's realities more bright,
More brilliant, than were sung by Hope.

But clouds thy sky will sometimes dim,
And adverse winds thy bark will toss;
And thou, 'mid friendship's sweets and gains,
May count, perhaps, some bitter loss.

But courage and a soul serene,
Shall bear thee safe through every ill,
And trust in Heaven's protecting power,
Each storm of earthly sorrow still.

And there is one, whose threads of fate,
Kind Destiny would link with thine;
May loveliest roses deck her way,
And fairest stars propitious shine.

Oh! may youth's sunny morning be
A prelude to a tranquil even,
When faded earth's imperfect joys,
Be yours the fuller bliss of Heaven.

DAISY'S VICTORY.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THE February afternoon was cold and blustering, with a skim of snow whitening the bare meadows and frozen hills, and every prognostic of a heavy fall as the day closed in.

Mrs. Arnold came up from the stable, where she had been giving the last wisp of hay to her one milch-cow, with a small tin pail in her hand. A little fairy of a child, with blue eyes, and golden curls, met her in the door-way.

"Won't you give me just a little bit o' drink, mother?" she said, coaxingly. "I'm getting so very hungry, and Brindie's warm milk is so nice."

"Yes, my darling," replied her mother, putting down the pail, and going to the dresser for a cup; "but poor Brindie is short of food, and can't give us much milk this bitter weather; and poor papa must have the better part, you know—but Daisy shall have a little drink."

She poured out a few spoonfuls, which the child swallowed eagerly.

"How nice," she said, smacking her rosy, little mouth. "Oh, mamma! do you mind how we used to have so much milk last summer, and sweet, white bread, too? Will it be so again, mamma, when the roses bloom, and the green grass comes?"

Mrs. Arnold looked down into the little hunger-pinched face, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I hope so, dear," she replied, choking down a sob.

Just then she heard her husband's voice from the adjoining apartment. She hastened to put away the milk, saying, as she did so,

"Go play with Dollie a little now, Daisy, and mamma will hunt up some supper for you, as soon as she attends to poor, sick father."

The little thing crossed over to the lounge, and taking up an old doll, all bundled up in bits of calico and old flannel, sat down and began to pet it.

"Poor Dollie! poor Dollie! are you so hungry?" she would murmur in her sweet, bird-voice, dropping kisses on the faded face. "Never mind, summer will come by-and-by, and then Brindie will give lots o' milk, and we'll all have enough. Oh! won't that be nice, Dollie?"

The sound of suppressed weeping from her father's chamber attracted her attention. She put down the doll and listened. It was her mother weeping as if her heart would break.

"Poor Bessie," her father said, raising his thin hand to caress and stroke her hair, "poor, overworked little wife, don't give up so."

But Mrs. Arnold wept on. She was a pretty, loving, busy little woman, this mother of Daisy, intensely unselfish, and very brave and hopeful for the most part. But the strongest of us break down at times, and poor Mrs. Arnold was as weak as a babe that wintry afternoon.

"I know how selfish it is, Tom," she said, lowering her head until it rested on the pillow beside her husband's wan face, "to fret so, and you so sick; but my heart was so full; let me have my cry out, and I shall be all right, then."

"But I can't see what we are to do, Bessie," replied her husband, still stroking her bright-brown hair, "indeed, I can't. Your father was right, it was selfish in me to marry you. I wish——"

But her passionate kisses hushed the words on his lips.

"Not that, Tom," she entreated; "for God's sake never say that. Come what may, I bless God forever that you are my own, my dear, true husband. Oh, Tom! this want is bitter and dreadful; but it can't change our love for each other, can it, Tom?"

"Never, darling, never!" he replied, soothing and caressing her as he would have done a child. "If I could only get on my feet again, we would soon outride the storm; but this arm will keep me down till spring. And you've spent your last dollar, haven't you, Bessie?"

Poor Bessie tried to prevaricate; the truth was, she had not possessed a dollar for a week.

"And the mortgage comes due on Friday," continued her husband, "and Dunbar threatens to sell the house over our heads, doesn't he?"

"Yes, Tom!"

He sighed heavily, glancing out with a shudder at the wintry storm.

"And no fuel, no food for you and the little one," he went on. "God help us, I can't see what we can do!"

"Let me go to father, Tom," said his wife, timidly.

But his wan face darkened, and his eyes flashed.

"Never with my consent, Bessie," he said, excitedly. "You went once, and he turned you

and the little one from his door; you shall not go again, not if we starve."

His wife wept silently, stroking his thin hand the while, her memory going back to the halcyon days of her girlhood. She was an only child, her father a proud old man, who had set his heart upon making a splendid match for his pretty daughter. "I can give you a hundred thousand on your wedding-day," he had said; "and no man need seek you who has a cent less."

This was the fiat. Lovers had gone to the "Elms" to be dismissed by scores by the father; but at last the right one, as he thought, had made his appearance. This was Philip Wetherel, a man of three-score, of a fine family, and a millionaire. The master of the "Elms" elected him as his son-in-law at their first meeting, and Bessie was duly warned. For the first time in her life she rebelled against her father's authority.

"I never will marry him, father," she said, her blue eyes flashing. "I will die first."

"And why not, pray?" questioned her angry sire.

"Because he's old, and selfish, and miserly, and," she added, stoutly, "more than all, because I love some one else."

Then the secret came to light. Visiting an old school-mate, the summer before, Bessie had made the acquaintance of a young schoolmaster, Tom Arnold by name. It was a case of mutual love at first sight, I believe; and when Bessie went home to the "Elms," she wore a plain engagement ring on her finger. She told her father now, entreating him, with streaming eyes, to give her lover a hearing. But the old man vowed that he would forever disown and disinherit her, if she ever even so much as spoke to her lover again. The end was, that, one dark night, Bessie fled with her lover, and before the day broke they were man and wife.

The master of the "Elms" avowed his determination to disinherit his daughter; but unmindful of his wrath, the newly-wedded pair settled down to housekeeping as cozy as a couple of robins. Two happy years went by. The master's school was sufficient for all their needs, and to perfect their happiness, a little, blue-eyed baby came, and the fanciful young mother called her Daisy. Then, in the fullness of her bliss, as soon as the little one could toddle along, she went up to her old home, intending to make the child a peace-offering between her offended father and herself.

On a bright spring morning, holding little Daisy by the hand, she walked up the broad avenue that led to her father's door. The old man was standing on the steps, his white hair floating in the morning breeze. He saw her, and recognized her, but before she could speak he turned on his heel, and locked the door in her face. She was no child of his, he never wanted to see her, or to speak to her again. This was the message his servant brought her.

The young mother returned to her home in tears. Soon after that a double darkness fell upon them. Owing to some dissensions in the village, her husband's school lost half its pupils; and, as if to make true the saying, that troubles tread upon each other's heels, in a little while the schoolmaster himself was stricken down by rheumatism. Doctor's fees and medicine bills, added to the sum of their daily expenditures, speedily exhausted their small store of ready cash; and we find them on this stormy February afternoon in a most pitiable condition. The husband still a helpless cripple, food and fuel both gone, and the mortgage on the cottage coming due.

With her head on her folded arms, Bessie Arnold sat and thought it all over, the hot tears streaming down her cheeks. And out in the kitchen, little Daisy, who had listened intently to what her father and mother had been saying, sat quite still, her tiny hands tightly clasped, and her blue eyes wide and solemn with grave determination. After a few moments she slid down from her seat, and stealing on tiptoe to the corner where her scarlet cloak and hood hung, she took them down and put them on. Then, still stepping cautiously, she opened the door and went out, closing it noiselessly after her. The wind and fine snow almost took away her breath at first, but she faced it bravely; and running round to the kennel in which a huge Newfoundland lay asleep, she called softly,

"Come, Rover, come!"

The great dog was at her side in an instant, shaking his shaggy sides, and rubbing his leonine head against her dainty little face. Daisy patted him vigorously, then, putting her rose-bud mouth close to his ear, she said, with an air of grave importance,

"Listen to me, Rover, and be still. We're going a long, long way, you and me, Rover. We're going to the 'Elms' to see grandpap. He won't send *us* away, will he, doggie? No, indeed! We'll get money, and lots o' goodies, won't we, Rover? Come on, then, we must hurry—it's a long way, and *so* cold."

The dog uttered one or two short barks, expressive of his satisfaction, and then bounded along by her side. The little creature drew her

scarlet cloak closely, and struck into the village highway with a rapid step. Two or three times during the summer, her father, who was just the least bit extravagant in his habits, had indulged his family in the luxury of a ride, and poor Bessie had always insisted that they should drive past the "Elms," she longed so to get a glimpse of her girlhood's home. Little Daisy remembered all this, and had a dim idea in regard to the distance and direction.

"I know the way, Rover," she said, loftily, shaking her little hooded head. "You just follow me—we're going to the 'Elms,' you know. I'm going to tell grandpap 'bout poor, sick papa, and how mamma cries; and he won't send me away, will he, Rover? We'll have a nice time when we get back; you shall have a big bit o' meat, doggie, for going such a long way through the snow."

Prattling thus to her companion, little Daisy trudged on past the sleepy little village, out into the brown pasture-fields, and under the clanking branches of the leafless wood. The February day waned rapidly, and as the early twilight closed in, the snow began to fall heavily, and the whistling wind, keen and searching, drove it hither and thither in great, blinding drifts. Daisy struggled on bravely, her scarlet hood and cloak all white, her sweet, infantile face radiant with hope and eager expectation; the big, black Newfoundland trotting soberly at her side. But, by-and-by, the little feet began to grow weary, the rose-lips parted, and her breath came in short gasps.

"I'm so tired, Rover," she said, as a great gust drove her back. "We'll sit down under this big tree, and rest just a little bit, Rover; we'll soon get to the 'Elms' now."

She sunk down beneath the tree, resting her chin upon her knees, and the big dog cuddled down beside her, his clear eyes anxious and wistful.

The darkness deepened rapidly, and the fury of the storm increased. The little scarlet head sunk lower and lower, and presently Daisy was fast asleep. But Rover was alert and watchful, his warm nose pressed close to her cheek.

After awhile there came a sound of wheels in the snow, and a cart, followed by its driver, trolling a merry song. The Newfoundland bounded out into the highway like a flash, barking and leaping, and running to and from the spot where the little sleeper lay. The cartman climbed down from his seat, and peered into the drifts; then, with a prolonged whistle, he raised the child in his arms.

"Come, my fine fellow, you shall ride, too," he said, addressing the dog, as he remounted to his seat, and wrapt his mill blankets about the child's chill form. Rover leaped in after him, and they rattled away.

The master of the "Elms" sat in his huge velvet-chair before a cheery fire that night, sipping his Mocha, and toasting his slippered feet. His housekeeper entered hastily, with an excited face.

"Excuse me, sir; but we must bring her in here," she said. "She's half frozen, and the other fires are low. A little child it is, sir, that John picked up in the snow. Come right in, John."

John obeyed, carrying the little figure, in her scarlet wraps, closely followed by the great Newfoundland. Daisy opened her blue eyes, as they seated her before the fire, and stared about her with a startled, sleepy gaze.

The old man put down his cup, looking on in amaze, something in the little one's face stirring his heart to its very depths, and bringing up banished memories of happier days. Meanwhile Daisy slowly collected her senses.

"We must go, Rover," she said, presently, as her eye caught sight of the dog; "we're rested now, we must go."

"Where are you going, child? Who are you?" asked the old man.

"I'm Daisy Arnold, sir; and I'm going to the 'Elms,' to see my grandpap, 'cause my own papa's sick, and poor mamma cries so, and we're all so hungry; and Brindie can't give much milk till summer comes. I stopped to rest a bit, but I must go now——"

She stopped short, something in the old man's face attracting her—her quick, childish instincts comprehending the whole scene.

"Oh!" she cried, presently, clapping her hands, "this is the 'Elms,' and you are my grandpap! Oh! you won't send Daisy away?"

The dog crept a pace nearer, something very like human solicitude in his eyes. The old man stood speechless a moment, struggling between wrath and love; but at last he put out his arms.

"No, little one," he half sobbed, "I cannot send you away."

That had been a terrible night at the schoolmaster's cottage. All through it, in the storm and darkness, with what aid she could summon, the poor mother had searched for her missing child, while the father tossed upon his bed in impotent despair. Morning dawned, clear and glorious over the snow-clad earth. Bessie Arnold came out, pale and hopeless, turning her despairing eyes toward the rising sun.

"Was not my cup of misery bitter enough," she moaned. "Oh! my God! hast thou utterly forsaken me!"

A closed carriage drove down the village road, on to the crossing, up to her very door. A window flew open, and a little scarlet head popped out.

"Mamma! Mamma!" called a silver voice, "I've come back. I went to grandpap, and here he is—you won't cry now, will you?"

Before the bewildered woman could get her breath, Rover bounded from the carriage with noisy barks, followed by the old master of the "Elms." He came to Mrs. Arnold's side, and took her in his arms.

"Forgive me, Bessie," he said. "I've been hard and cruel, but the little one has conquered."

Bessie sobbed upon his bosom, and then there was a joyous reunion; and before sunset the schoolmaster's cottage was deserted, the whole party having gone to live at the "Elms."

THOSE EYES.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

Slowly along the balcony,
I paced with careless, listless feet,
While through the open casement came
Soft waves of music, sadly sweet;
Fair forms went floating by, that seemed
To each voluptuous measure set;
And red lips smiled as sweet as though
Life held no shadow of regret.

I paused, and idly glanced along
The merry maskers floating by—
A prince beside a peasant girl,
With smiling lip but downcast eye;
The glow of velvet, flash of gem,
The subtle breath of rare perfume,
Seem borne on billowy music by,
With floating curl and waving plume.

Sudden from out the curtain's fold
Two large, soft eyes upon mine fell,
Whose glance went thrilling through each vein,
Like some magician's wizard spell;
The face, the form, I did not mark,
Nor glittering room, nor starlit skies;
I only saw, I only felt,
The weird power of those dark eyes.

They vanished, sudden as they came;
In vain I searched the crowded hall,
Bright eyes were there, but none like those
Which seemed to hold my soul in thrall.

And through the lengthening chain of time,
Which closely links the now and then,
Wether my restless feet may tread
The crowded mart or woodland glen,
However light the heart may seem,
Forever in its depth there lies,
Unceasing yearning once again
To meet those dark bewildering eyes;
Ever they haunt me like some wraith
Endowed with power beyond our ken,
Those witching eyes! those witching eyes!
Oh! but to meet them once again!

THE THREE HOMES.

BY A. G. CHAMBERLAIN.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who in the morning air
Was twining flowers most sweet and mild,
In garlands for her hair.
"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain's side,
Where soft winds wander free."

Oh! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
Where every word is joy and truth,
And treasure lives in flowers.

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who bent, with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone,
In the wild wood's secret place.
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.

Ah! spirits that might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love—
That light and fragile thing.

"Where is thy home, lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim gray,
Who came with furrowed brow and wan,
Slow musing on his way.

He paused, and with solemn mien,
Upturned his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen—
My home is in the skies!"

Oh, blest! thrice blest, the soul must be,
To whom such thoughts are given;
That walks from worldly fetters free—
Its only home in Heaven!

KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN SIR LAUNCELOT."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 278.

CHAPTER X.

A SPACE of three years! A long leap, you think, but if I had not made it, where would my story have ended. And after these three years have passed, we find ourselves in Mrs. Armadale's parlor, listening to that pretty, fair-faced young matron, as she chats with her brother, counting over the names of the new acquaintances she had made at Saratoga, just before she came to reside at her brother's pretty villa on the Hudson, within an hour and a half of New York by rail. A very sweet, little lady she is, Barbara Armadale. Fair-faced, blonde-haired and clear-eyed, and with three absorbing passions, which fill up her bright, happy, busy life, as a bright, happy, busy young wife and mother. The first of these passions is for "Alf," or more properly Mr. Armadale, who is as bright and cheerful as herself; the next is for the children, whom Mr. Armadale calls "the baby, the little baby, and the least baby of all;" and the last, but not the least, is for her brother, whom she regards as the most perfect human being on earth—next to "Alf." Such a pretty, cozy, little woman as she looks sitting in the firelight, with the shining hair pushed back from her little pink ears, and the freshness glowing in the rose on her cheeks.

"Mr. Germaine and his wife, Mr. Vandeleur and his wife," she says, in a voice like a particularly sweet-tempered robin's, "Mr. Crozier and his wife: and that reminds me, Carl——"

"Mr. Who and his wife?" interrupted a voice from the dark corner where the sofa stood.

"Mr. Crozier and his wife," answered Mrs. Armadale. "And, as I said, that reminds me, Carl, that I wanted to ask you if you knew Mr. Crozier. He said he met you several times when he was at Newport, the summer before your uncle died and left you your fortune."

The man she spoke to was lying upon the sofa, stretched at full length, with his hands thrown upward and clasped above his head, and as his sister turned round to him the firelight fell full upon his face. A very handsome face it was, clear-cut and large-eyed, the mouth half hidden by a heavy, down-drooping, blonde mustache.

But, handsome as it was, a keen physiognomist would have hesitated to pronounce it perfect. It looked like a face which the world's influences had spoiled, or, rather, it looked as if its owner was a man to whom the wine of life had turned bitter. The clear, perfectly-shaped eyes wore a careless, sarcastic expression, the mouth was wearied and bored, and not unlike the eyes in its indifferent satire.

"Yes, I met him several times. Something between a professional prize-fighter and a banker's clerk, wasn't he?"

Mrs. Armadale laughed.

"Well, he wasn't very aristocratic-looking, to be sure. A little 'mushroomy,' one might say; but he was immensely rich. Horridly rich, I thought. One of those people who cannot help showing how rich they are."

"I know him," said Carl. "They used to call him the Grand Mogul. Barbara," with a curious biting of his lips, which the firelight showed, "didn't you say something about Mrs. Crozier?"

"Yes. His wife was with him."

"What sort of a woman was she?"

"Pretty," said Barbara; "a trifle faded and worn, but still pretty. I often thought it was no wonder she had faded with John Crozier, Esq., for a husband. He was so abominably dictatorial. I should want to bite a man who spoke to me in the authoritative style he used to her. But what made you ask about her?"

"I saw her at Newport," was the brief reply. "She was a belle, then, and there was quite a little furor created when she engaged herself to the Mogul; but it was the old story, you know—exchange and barter."

Little Mrs. Barbara shrugged her plump shoulders contemptuously.

"I'm not sorry for her, then. How *can* women? I think it's horrible."

"You are a different woman to Mrs. Crozier," said the gentleman, indifferently. "Let us talk of something else, Barbie."

Strange to say, the lady was not so much interested in the subject, but that she could easily leave it. Other people's business rarely interested Mrs. Armadale, and she passed on to something else. "The children" were the

next topic. She knew Carl always liked to hear about them, and now she wanted his advice particularly.

"You see I don't know what to do," she said, with a little doubtful anxiety that was wonderfully motherly and pretty on her almost girlish face. "I can't be with them always, and I don't like to trust them to the servants altogether. Old aunt Dorcas is very good, but the children are so apt to adopt her funny, negro *patois;* and besides, if Clara and Johnnie don't begin French now, they never *will* acquire the accent."

"Terrible!" said her brother, with amused laziness. "What a fearful state of affairs in the nursery dominion. Barbara, you are like a domesticated robin, always in a flutter about the nest."

"There is a great deal of anxiety about a family," with a demure sententiousness, which was the most delightful little face in the world. "You have never been married, Carl?"

"No," said Carl, meditatively. "I should have been a better man if I had. If there had been a woman true and loving enough to be my wife and share my lot, I should have been nearer heaven than I am now;" and the firelight showed the handsome, bitten lip again; and Barbara wondered somewhat at the bitter sigh that ended the sentence.

"Well," she said, softly, "I don't see why you didn't get married, dear. You are not poor, and I am sure any woman might love you."

"I am not poor now," was the quiet reply. "I was not rich when nothing but money would have won the woman I loved. But what about the children?"

Barbara's blue eyes opened softly. Was it possible that her famous, handsome brother had been disappointed? She had never suspected it before. How had it happened? How could it have happened?

But she was a wise, good little woman, and understood this handsome brother well enough to know that he would think it kinder if she let the accidental remark slip by without any comment.

"Well," she went on, "I thought if we had a governess. Don't you think it would be nice if I could find some elegant, accomplished woman? I should feel so much more comfortable."

"'If' you could, I think it would be a good plan. Have you spoken to Alf about it?"

"Yes; but I wanted to ask your opinion. If I had been in my own house it would have been different," laughing frankly; "but I did not know whether you would like the idea of a 'correct' lady to criticise you."

"I don't think she will criticise me," said Carl. "The cherubs will occupy all her attention. What are you listening at so intently? Is it Alf at last?"

"I thought I heard somebody coming," coloring a little and laughing. "Yes, it is Alf at last. I hear him speaking to Roberts now. Excuse me a minute."

Carl smiled as she jumped up with the bright, pleased look on her face, and went out to meet her husband, who was returning from his daily trip to New York, for he was a lawyer in a fine business. This sweet-tempered little sister of his always amused him. She was so affectionate and merry, so loving and womanly over the children, so prettily solicitous about this same good-natured Alf's comfort. Always so tender and impulsive, even now, after eight years of married life, when the honey-moon in some cases would have been only a bright spot lying far in the darkness, bringing tears into the aching eyes that dared to look backward. But Barbara Armadale was just the little woman whose honey-moon would never pass, because it had been a honey-moon whose brightness had been the brightness of her own sunny sweetness and affectionate temperament. To this day "Alf" was the Alf of the bridal tour, not quite as sentimental, of course, (perhaps happily,) but still quite as careful of Mrs. Armadale, and quite as implicitly believed in by Mrs. Armadale, as when for four successive weeks they had regarded earthly food as something entirely unworthy of consideration, and had caught terrible and very unromantic colds by persistently gazing at the moon and quoting Byron and Moore. In Mrs. Armadale's mind there was but one thing on earth to equal Alf, and that one thing was the baby, and the only things which could come up to them both were the other two children.

Carl—this bitter Carl Seymour—you know him by this time, I am sure, who was hard and sarcastic, careless, and often selfish in these sad, embittered days, cared for this loving young wife and mother as he cared for no one else. She made him better and purer, and exerted an influence upon him such as even he himself never dreamed of. Sometimes at night, as he had passed the open nursery-door, he had looked in upon her as she sat in the low rocking-chair with baby on her breast, and grave, blue-eyed Johnny kneeling before

her in his white night-gown, saying after her slowly the old, never dying, never fading, "Our Father." And then, after he had watched them for a moment, he had turned away, feeling a little nearer heaven for the sound of the childish prayer.

The world said of him, and said truly, that he was a selfish, brilliant, cynical man, who had won fame, who was rich, and who cared little for people in general. Men with fresh hearts avoided, while they admired him; women, who were true-hearted, pitied him for his lost life and bitterness. Lavish he was and generous to profuseness, seeming to value his wealth lightly, yet always cold and cynical, sneering at the best impulses of men and women, flinging out stinging sarcasms mingled with his graceful wit. Not a bad man—never that—always an honorable gentleman, but nevertheless a man who could hardly look forward and dare not look back. Barbara had only known him as her brother and her friend, talented, graceful, popular, and to her always kindly and tender. She had thought him a little satirical sometimes, but that was all.

"It is only Carl's way," she had said, and gone on worshiping him.

A good woman might have made him a good man. A woman who was neither good nor true, had, as we know, reader, made him what he was.

He lay back on the couch when Barbara left him, and closed his eyes. He could hear her fresh voice in the hall as she greeted her husband; and then came the little pause that was suggestive of the kiss the gentleman always received after a day's absence. Then the two went up stairs together, and a chorus from Johnny and Clara broke out as they passed the nursery-door.

If such a kiss might have greeted him; if such a bright face had met him each night; if such childish voices had shouted his name. The thought passed through his mind, leaving a dull pain.

He did not love Kate Davenant now. Sometimes he thought he hated her, but still, under all his contempt, lay the old scar throbbing, throbbing. Three years, and she was faded and worn, and this man, who was her master and owner, was proving that he knew his power. Could it be? A faint disgust thrilled him.

As he lay there, with closed eyes, the four summer months passed before him again. The first evening when Alice Farnham had pointed out the "Circe," as she smiled on the celebrities with the glow in her purple eyes. Then the times when he had met her again and again, always the belle, always with the wonderful grace that drew the world after her. Then the days when he had looked up from his work at the star-faced Clytie, and unconsciously gained inspiration. He could see again the vaporous folds of muslin that trailed on the balcony, the intense light on the bright, glinting hair, and the intense soft scarlet on cheek and lip. He could almost hear the whisper of the sea again as the exquisite voice floated back to him. He had not forgotten—ah! could he ever forget! La Valliere kneeling in the dim, mellow light, with the white uplifted face and passionate eyes, while the convent-bell broke upon her praying, with its dooming knell. And then the moon was shining on little Kathleen's scarlet cloak, as she sung her song with the softness of tears veiling her voice. Ah! the eyes he had met that night, the true, tender eyes, true and tender for that moment, as they drooped before his gaze. Could it all—all have ended in this heartless life of his, in which he was told that the woman he had loved and trusted, the woman who had blighted his very soul, had won the prize for which she had lost all, and now in wearing it was faded and worn? All his hatred and contempt died away in an aching longing for the trust he had once felt in his innocent child-love. He had not forgiven her, he thought he never could; but, ah! if the dead past could have come back again.

At least an hour he lay pondering, until the flame died out of the fire, and left nothing but the red embers, shedding a rich, gloomy light about the room. But at last the nursery-door opened, and Mrs. Armadale and her husband came down again, talking and laughing.

"Gone to sleep, Carl?" Barbara asked, gayly. "No? How dark you are. I am going to ring for lights and tea." And she pulled the bell.

When tea was brought in, she seated herself at the head of the table in the sunshiniest of moods. She cut the cold tongue for Alf, and made the thinnest of sandwiches for him, calling him lazy all the time, but still looking as if she enjoyed it. Carl liked one lump of sugar, didn't he, and Alf three? Baby had cut his first little tooth—the darling! and Clara could say her prayers without being told, and Johnny had called his papa "Alf, dear," because he heard mamma say it. To all of which chatter the two gentlemen listened with laughing attention. The little lady did not detail nursery

gossip to every one, but she knew that Carl and Alf liked it.

"And the best of all is yet to be told," she went on. "Alf has really found a governess, Carl."

"What sort of a governess? Fossil specimen, or otherwise?"

"Most decidedly 'otherwise,'" said Alf. "I am not going to describe her, because description would be superfluous; and besides, there is a curious coincidence, which I wish to surprise you with, as it did me."

"But she speaks French?" suggested Barbara.

"And German and Italian," answered Alf. "I won't answer for Japanese and High Dutch, and I ain't quite certain about Gaelic and Hindoostanee; but I am quite safe about the rest."

"Pianist?" queried Mrs. Armadale again.

"Pianist, organist, violinist, banjoist, plays on the bagpipes, dances on a tight-rope, does up *trapeze* performance, sings comic songs."

"Now, Alf," from Mrs. Armadale, "do be quiet and answer one more question. What church——"

"Ah!" interrupted her husband, gravely, "as to that I believe she is a Protestant; but, being a very accommodating young lady, I dare say she would have no objection to changing her religion. Mohammedan for Johnny, Mormonism for Clara, and Hardshell Baptist for the cherubim. Anything else, my dear?"

Mrs. Armadale shook her head.

"No. I am quite satisfied; but what is her name?"

Alf stopped half way to his mouth with a sandwich.

"The mischief! I forgot to ask her, or else it has slipped my memory. Wait a minute, now I remember. It is something beginning with David—— Never mind quizzing, Barbie. You will see her to-morrow."

It was some time before Mr. Armadale could be brought to a due sense of the solemnity of the question discussed; but at last Mrs. Armadale managed him and learned the particulars.

A young lady had replied to his advertisement in person. An aristocratic-looking girl, with a magnificent, proud face, and bright-brown hair.

"Such a voice!" said the gentleman. "It was like the echo of a song; and such a perfect accent of both French and German. She says she has spent several years in Europe. She must have a history. It is an easy matter to see that she was never educated for a governess. There is so much superb ease about her manner."

"How fortunate!" said delighted Barbara. "I want the children to learn the languages by ear, and you know we can't afford to go to Europe for a year or so. I am so glad, Alfred."

"I knew you would be," he answered. "But let us have some music, my dear. I am going to smoke, and want my evening sonata."

It was eleven o'clock before the music was over; and then Carl went to his studio, for he still painted, and holding up a taper, looked at two pictures that hung side by side, the two pictures painted three years before at Newport. Brown-haired, purple-eyed, and rare-faced, with the exquisite sweetness and flawless charm. And this woman was 'faded and worn!'"

The light flashed over the fair, still features, and then they were shadowed in darkness; and he turned away and left them to go to his room and dream of a strange woman, who was the new governess, and yet wore Kate Davenant's face, and spoke with Kate Davenant's voice.

CHAPTER XI.

All the next day he was in his studio, busy, adding the finishing touches to a picture; and as at such times he never left his work, he heard nothing more of his sister's arrangements. But when at night, after laying everything aside, he was coming down to the parlor, he met Mrs. Armadale descending from the nursery, with the little, pink-faced bundle of white lawn and lace in her arms, which always suggested baby, and she stopped him on the landing with a delighted face.

"Are you coming into the parlor, now? I hope so. She has come, Carl, and I like her ever so much. I know we shall be good friends."

Carl smiled. He knew it would be the stranger's fault if they were not. The idea of Barbara's not being good friends with anybody was rather a joke. She had such a habit of purring, and cooing, and petting, that not the most stony of stony hearts could have resisted her. Carl followed her down stairs, and on their way she dilated eloquently on her new acquaintance. The new governess was so elegant, and so beautiful, and, "oh, Carl, *so* sweet!"

Mrs. Armadale was sure she should love her like a sister. The new governess had won the children's hearts at first, and Mrs. Armadale was just bringing baby down to be exhibited.

"You see," went on the kind-hearted little

matron, "I want to make her feel at home, Carl. She seems so lonely. She has neither mother, nor father, nor relations of any kind. The aunt, who educated her, has been dead only a few months. Of course, one can't ask questions, but I am sure she is a gentlewoman born. She is so aristocratic-looking."

"What is her name?" asked Carl. "Have you found out yet, or did you engage her on the strength of her aristocracy?"

"No," laughed Mrs. Armadale, settling baby's flowing robes preparatory to entering the parlor. "I am wiser than Alf. Her name is as aristocratic as her face. Davenant—Kate Davenant. Ain't it pretty? Open the door, please." And as Carl bent over her, and turned the handle, a sweet, low ripple of laughter came upon them, and they stepped into the room.

Some one sat beside the fire, in an easy-chair, talking to Mr. Armadale, who was listening, with entranced pleasure showing itself on every feature. The back of the chair was turned toward the door, but Carl could see the folds of a black dress lying upon the carpet, and a close-fitting sleeve setting off a smooth, round wrist and slender hand, which rested upon the chair-arm.

At the sound of the door opening the lady looked up, and Barbara came forward into the light of the fire with baby.

"My brother, Mr. Seymour, Miss Davenant," she said, smiling. "And here is baby——"

Miss Davenant rose in the firelight, the crimson glow falling full upon her, upon the trailing folds of the black dress sweeping upon the carpet with the old royal sweep of the Circe's robes, upon the crown of glinting brown hair, with its metallic sheen, upon the "Valliere" face, and the winy purple of the eyes that met Carl Seymour's. Just a glance from either face, and these two who had loved each other once, whose lives had once seemed linked together, met with a calm bow as strangers, not touching hands, hardly smiling, unless the half sneer on the man's face could be called a smile.

"And this is baby?" said Miss Davenant, turning to the lawn and lace in Mrs. Armadale's arms. "Is baby one of my pupils?"

It was quite a serene face that smiled the old, sweet smile over Barbara's treasure—a face much more serene than Carl Seymour's. He had turned away with a bitter smile by no means pleasant to see. And so Mrs. Crozier was not Miss Davenant, and this girl had crossed his path again?

To think that such a woman should live in innocent Barbara's home, and have the care of innocent Barbara's children! As he watched her bend over and kiss the baby lips, he felt a thrill of anger. There was all the old grace in her every movement, all the old fascination in the perfect face, but their charm was lost to Carl. If he had known all, he might not have been so harsh. Knowing only what he did—that she had proved false and mercenary, and had been his ruin—there was nothing, nothing of forgiveness or relenting in his mind.

Innocent Barbara was in a seventh heaven of good-natured delight. This beautiful girl so ardently appreciated baby. When at last Miss Davenant acceded to Alf's request and went to the piano, the little lady drew her chair to her brother's side.

"Did you ever see such a curious coincidence, Carl? That 'La Valliere' and the 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' are the very reproductions of her face. Is it possible you have ever met her before?"

"It is a coincidence I cannot account for," said the gentleman, briefly. "I can hardly believe it, but this Miss Davenant of yours is the young lady who was pointed out to me at Newport as Mr. Crozier's future wife, and until I saw her to-night, I imagined she was the Mrs. Crozier you met at Saratoga."

"You don't say so? Oh, no! My Mrs. Crozier was a little, brown-haired woman, with a harassed face and a scared expression. As unlike Miss Davenant as it is possible for two women to be. The engagement must have been broken. What a voice she has! Do listen to her!"

She was singing a little song she had sung for Carl a hundred times before. A little Spanish love-song, with an accompaniment like running water, and a faint throb of pain threading through it. Carl did not like to hear it now. He would gladly have closed his ears to it, and yet he must sit and listen to the end, and hear Barbara's ecstatic chorus of "Beautiful!"

But at length baby fell asleep, and Barbara carried him to the nursery, and a few minutes after sent for Alf to come up stairs. Alf made his excuses and went. It was possible that Johnny had a cough, or Clara's face was flushed, and under such circumstances a grave consultation must be held.

After he had left them, Kate rose from her seat at the piano and came to the fire. It was not a pleasant situation to be in, but she carried herself gracefully and calmly as usual. Carl looked at her from head to foot. Faded

and worn! Twenty years would hardly change her! Every tint on her delicate skin was as rarely vivid and firm as the rose and pearl of a sea-shell. Just as much the Circe now, when she was only Mrs. Armadale's governess, as when she had been in Mrs. Montgomery's charge, and the belle of Newport.

"I had no idea——" she began, and then faltered a little under his cold eyes, and stopped.

"Nor had I," was the icy reply. "I wonder if either of us are very agreeably surprised!"

The color ran up on her face, but the eyes turned toward him showed nothing but calm, well-bred surprise at his sarcastic bitterness. His love had been worse than indifference, for it had robbed her of his respect. He was almost savage in his cynicism, and he had so far lost his reverence for her that he forgot himself, and felt as though there would be some merited revenge in baffling her proud stateliness with scorn. But this was not an easy matter.

"I am afraid not," she said, in answer to his sarcasm. "But I do not see how we—how I, at least, can help it. If I had known, I certainly should not have come here. As it is, unless you tell Mrs. Armadale to send me away, I suppose I shall have to bear my share of the unpleasantness."

It was very quietly said, almost meekly, indeed, but the words and tone stung him to the quick. It was a hard task to abuse a woman who was at his mercy, and yet showed that she felt no fear, even while she knew her helplessness.

"Tell Mrs. Armadale to send you away!" he sneered. "Do you think I am a brute? My experience has not made me a very good man, or a very chivalrous one. You see I have outlived my tender belief in 'ministering angels,' etc.; and I am not very polite to women whom I neither love nor respect. I told you I would never forgive you—and I never will. You have made me what I am, but as for the rest——"

He stopped and shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

Kate Davenant took one step nearer, and looked at him fearlessly. She had got over the days when his harsh words had made her faint at his feet, and his almost insulting, and quite unmanly tone roused her. It was a horribly bitter thing to hear him speak of "women whom he neither loved nor respected," but her indignation helped her to bear it.

"I am very poor, Mr. Seymour," she said, clearly and steadily. "I have not one friend or protector in the world. I am a menial in your house, and I suppose I am at your mercy; but I have not asked you to forgive me yet. When I ask you, it will be time to refuse pardon, not till then."

For the first time in these three years he felt as if he ought to respect this girl. She was not afraid of him, and she had not forgotten herself, as he had. He knew she was saying to him just what he deserved to hear, and so he was silent, and let her go on.

"I don't think it is necessary we should be enemies," she said. "I should have begun no warfare. I was content to let the dead past bury its dead. If you think proper to tell Mrs. Armadale that I shall not stay in your house, (it is your house, I hear,) you may do so. As to your being a brute, I did not call you one; but I don't know exactly what I ought to call a man who insults a woman, who, if she has even wronged him, is still a woman, and has no power to retaliate."

Her white throat was arched, and her eyes opened wide with a great spark of starry fire in them, as she looked down upon him. There was not a touch of weakness or regretful yielding in her whole being, he could see that. It was a matter of open conflict between powers equal, though one was even a woman. Greek had met Greek at last, and now came the tug of war. A little fiery thrill shot through the man's veins. It was remembrance, it was resentment, it was admiration. She was so beautiful! so beautiful! so proudly perfect! and then—it might have been. Still he answered her as defiantly as she had spoken.

"Thank you!" he said. "You are very kind. And as you are so mercifully disposed, suppose we let matters rest here. I myself see no reason for heroics, in spite of my little impoliteness. I forgot myself. Pray, excuse me."

Kate bowed. Just such a bow, haughty and tolerant, as had won her a reputation in bygone days. Then she seated herself, and taking up Barbara's neglected tatting, began to work industriously. Mr. Seymour had not shaken her self-possession in the least. There was no trace of either anger or agitation in her face, and when Mrs. Armadale returned, Kate was still employing herself with the flying shuttle, with an appearance of ease and pleasure, which delighted the young matron immensely.

The next day the children were taken in hand. Johnny, the youngest pupil, was a blue-

eyed urchin, with a wonderful good-nature and gravity that made him, in a small way, quite a character. After a few minutes' calm inspection, with his hands clasped behind his back, he made an unconditional surrender to Miss Davenant's witchery, and said his lessons, gazing fixedly and wonderingly at her beautiful face. One glance won graceful, quiet little Clara. She was a second Barbara, with all her mother's innate refinement and passionate admiration of beauty. From the date of the first kiss, Miss Davenant reigned supreme.

Mrs. Armadale, as I have said before, was not curious, but it must be admitted the new governess interested her deeply. How in the world could the belle of Newport have fallen into this position? But Carl was strangely reticent on the subject. He only spoke of her as an acquaintance by reputation, and never hinted that he had ever spoken to her before. Besides, he did not seem at all anxious to pursue the subject; indeed, once or twice she fancied that he avoided it.

CHAPTER XII.

It was not often that Mrs. Armadale looked troubled, but troubled she certainly looked, when she came into the school-room to Kate, one morning, a month or so after the arrival of the governess. Mr. Armadale had returned from New York only the night before, in a great hurry.

"I don't know what to do, Kate," she said, after the children had been sent down stairs. "Mr. Armadale says it is absolutely imperative that I should go to New Orleans with him. There has been some trouble about the property there, which Clara's godmother left her, and my presence is necessary. It seems I must sign something. How can I leave the children? Baby is not well, and both Johnny and Clara are ailing. I shall be perfectly miserable, though, of course, I won't say so to Alf. Besides, it will be so unpleasant for you."

Kate had not meant to be selfish, but, honestly, the first idea which had suggested itself to her was the unpleasant position she would necessarily be thrown into. But Barbara's evident anxiety roused her sympathies.

"You have no need to be anxious," she said, cheerfully. "Aunt Dorcas is reliable, I think; and though I am not a very good nurse, I will try to take care of the children."

"I am sure you will do that," answered Barbara, her face clearing slightly. "But I am afraid it will be so much trouble; and then Clara is so delicate that I am always anxious if there is a tinge too much or too little on her cheeks. I wish—I do wish the journey was not so positively necessary."

It required all Kate's powers of consolation to reassure her; but at last she became somewhat less fearful.

"But if any of them should be taken sick," she said, as she left the room to go and superintend her packing, "be sure to write to me at once, if you please."

Kate promised faithfully, and the young matron took her departure in a somewhat easier frame of mind. As for the Circe, to say that she was perplexed, would be to give but a faint idea of her feelings. The children she could have managed easily; nay, she said to herself, if there had been three dozen instead of three, she would gladly have undertaken their charge, if by doing so she could have avoided this embarrassing *tete-a-tete* position. But it seemed there was no avoiding it, and so she could only accept it with as good a grace as possible.

Since the first evening, she had hardly once seen her antagonist alone. When they had met, they had barely exchanged civilities. How would *tete-a-tete* dinners and breakfasts pass off, for necessarily Miss Davenant must take the place Mrs. Armadale had vacated? In spite of her discomfort, she could not help smiling, as she thought of it. Well, there was only one part which could be acted, and that involved perfect, well-bred calmness. Since she must meet him, and play the part of mistress of the household, it should be done gracefully, and without her manner indicating that anything had occurred to make the position other than a pleasant one. Nevertheless, she felt it would need all her self-possession and self-knowledge to carry her through.

The day was a busy one, and rather unsettled by the preparations for the journey; but at last the bustle was over, and the carriage containing Mrs. Armadale was driven away, with that anxious young matron's face showing itself at the window, in a rather dubiously cheerful farewell to the children.

When it was out of sight, Kate took Johnny and Clara by the hand, and led them into the parlor.

It had been one of those chilly, gray days, with which the early part of autumn is occasionally interspersed, and a fire had been in the room all day, and by this fire Mr. Seymour was seated as they entered. He had not ex-

pected their coming, it was very plain; but Kate led her young charges to the hearth with the calmness of fate.

"The children will take tea with us to-night, if you have no objection, Mr. Seymour," she said, serenely, as she rested her arched-foot on the fender to warm. "I thought they might possibly feel lonely."

Perhaps he was a little more mercifully inclined than usual; at all events, he took her cue as calmly as it was given. His quiet reply was quite a relief to Kate, for, to tell the truth, her courage had oozed out at her finger-ends, when she first observed his presence. So far so good. At least the enemy had acknowledged the flag of truce. She took a seat opposite to him, and began to talk easily as she worked upon Mrs. Armadale's tatting. Mrs. Armadale had said she would, probably, be absent two weeks: did he think it probable her stay would be prolonged? Mr. Seymour thought it just possible. Ah! that was a pity—she had been so anxious about the children. Barbara always was anxious about the children, was the gentleman's reply; and by this time his book lay upon his knee, half-closed upon his shapely hand, and he was watching Miss Davenant's slim, pointed fingers, as they flew back and forth with the little pearl shuttle.

She knew he was looking at her, and the knowledge was not pleasant. Nevertheless, she did not care to look up, and so went on quietly.

"You were reading when we came in," with a faint smile. "Don't let us disturb you. The children will be quiet."

"Thank you!" he said, as serenely, yet with a keen scrutiny in his haughty, handsome eyes, "There is no fear of disturbance. Listen to what I was reading:

> 'I think, in the lives of most women and men,
> There are times when all might be smooth and even,
> If the dead could only find out when
> To come back to us and be forgiven.'

"I was wondering," he went on, "if this verse might not mean more than dead friends. Might we not apply it to dead loves, dead hopes, dead happiness?"

If Miss Davenant had been an unsophisticated young lady, she would probably have blushed and shown uneasiness under this seemingly harmless remark, which, with the old story in the past, might be so pointed; but as she was not an unsophisticated young lady, she did not blush, but merely drew out the tiny shuttle a little faster, with a soft, calm laugh.

"Possibly," she said. "But as I have neither dead hopes nor dead loves, I cannot say, you see. But what a beautiful verse it is. Won't you please read me the rest?"

Checkmate! She had secured her drawbridge; but even years after, she did not forget the spark of slow fire in his eyes, as they fell upon the book again.

For the first time, in the evening, the red shot warmly to her very forehead, and she bent over her work to hide it.

He read on for an hour, passing from one poem to another, hardly looking up from the book, and seeming all the time to be acting from a sense of cold politeness. Before the tea-tray was brought in, Kate was not quite sure but that his face wore a slightly bored expression, and she made an indignant resolve to confine herself to the school-room and nursery as much as possible.

There was a faint crimson spot on either cheek when at last she took her place at the head of the table, with Johnny and Clara on either side, and her enemy as *vis-a-vis*. She looked very graceful in her position, Carl thought, and very sweet, with her soft-voiced commands to the children; but she did not look at him more than she could help; and once, when handing him his cup, her hand touched his, she flushed like a girl, and drew it away quickly. For her part she was wondering if the meal would ever be over, and asking herself if it would be too glaring, hereafter, to leave him with his housekeeper, and stop with the children in the nursery. Two weeks of this would be impossible! But it was over at length, and she rose from the table and touched the bell.

"We will go up to the nursery now," she said, to the children. "You know we have to finish that story, Johnny." And with her two charges running before her, in a great hurry for the story, she went out of the room and closed the door behind her.

Once up stairs, she found her hands full. Baby was there, with aunt Dorcas, fretting a little as he lay on her lap. Johnny and Clara seated themselves on their respective stools, anxious for the promised story; but Kate had been long enough in the Armadale household to feel a trifle anxious at baby's flushed face, and faint little grunts of disapproval.

"What is the matter with him?" she asked of aunt Dorcas. "I hope he isn't sick, aunty?"

The old woman shook her head.

"I'm afeard he ain't well, honey," she said. "He's bin sorter gruntin' all day. Mebbe he's only missin' his mar."

Kate held out her hands.

"Let me have him," she said, with a faint sense of discomfort. "I hope he won't be sick while Mrs. Armadale is away."

She felt uneasy, and she could hardly hide it. What if anything should happen! She held baby closer in her arms, and bent and kissed its little face. She looked wonderfully like Barbara about her tender mouth and anxious eyes as she did it. She had always loved the children, even in her bitterest moments, and it seemed so natural for her heart to warm with the soft cheeks nestling against it. The children had their story, and after it came to its natural ending, where the youngest brother did all the impossible things, and married the obliging princess with the convenient father and three kingdoms, she sent them to bed.

Aunt Dorcas went with them. Kate was left to herself, seated on Barbara's rocking-chair, with Barbara's baby on her lap. She hardly knew what she was thinking of, as she rocked to and fro, and sung one of Barbara's pretty songs in her low, clear voice—the voice that had brought showers of flowers to her feet in by-gone days. But, at any rate, she was thinking deeply, for her eyes were fixed dreamily on the fire, and she did not hear the quick footstep coming up the stairs. There was a footstep, and just by the open door it stopped a moment, and Carl Seymour drew his breath sharply as he looked in. What was there of good or evil, in this girl, that she could sting him with her cool indifference and bitter pride, and then come among these innocent children and teach them to love her as if she were as innocent as themselves? And hold this white-souled baby in her arms and sing tender songs to it with that tender smile on her lips? And then a wild thought leaped up. What if the past had been only a dream! What if God and heaven (for it seemed as if God and heaven were near to the tender vision) had but given him the right to call this girl wife, and to enter the little room and kiss her sweet face, and hold her white hands and draw her head upon his shoulder, feeling at rest, and better and stronger for her lovingness! Ah! how his heart beat as he remembered how far apart they were, and how they were to live their lives away from each other and unforgiven. But when she came to the end of her little song he turned away.

It seemed as if there was a spell upon them that night, or that Fate had ordered that the sea of memory should be stirred, for once again their acted part was broken in upon.

Baby had fallen asleep, and after laying him in the cradle, Kate had left him to aunt Dorcas, and gone down stairs to give some directions to the servants.

Having done what she wished, she intended retiring for the night; but on reaching the head of the stairs, she found that the servants had neglected to lower the lights of a large swinging lamp which had its place there. It must be attended to, and balancing herself upon one foot, she reached over the balustrade to touch it.

She heard some one close the parlor-door as she did so, and glancing down caught sight of Carl coming up toward her. Perhaps it was her confusion, perhaps the light dazzled her, but at least she could not see well, and her hand was unsteady. He was only a few steps below her, and in an impatient impulse she bent further over, lost her balance, and then her foot slipped, and but that he had caught her in his arms she would have fallen down the whole flight. As it was, his arm closed strongly round her waist, and for a moment she rested upon his breast, crimson with mortification. The next instant he had released her, and she stood upon the step feeling almost indignant, and, in spite of herself, trembling from head to foot, and showing her confusion terribly. For him, he was the calmest of the two, but his face was perfectly colorless, and his voice sounded almost unnatural when he spoke to her.

"I hope you are not hurt!" he said. "It was fortunate I happened to come when I did."

She could hardly answer him. It seemed so horrible to her. Her cheek had touched his as she fell. And this man had loved her once, and now hated her!

"No," she said, "I am not hurt. Thank you!" and before he had time to speak she had turned and gone swiftly up the stairs again, hardly knowing what she did.

Her cheeks were hot, scarlet, when she locked her door, and went to the mirror to look at herself, and her mouth was trembling like a child's. She almost clenched her hand in her passion of humiliation. She could not control herself, and after the first glance she dropped her face upon her hands.

"Oh! I am a coward!" she said, passionately. "Oh! what a pitiful coward I am! What is this I am learning? What have I done?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Kate dressed herself very slowly, the next morning, and stood a long time at the mirror,

before she could decide to go down to the breakfast-room at all. Not that she was anxious about her toilet, but that she wished to put off the evil hour as long as possible, if not forever. The bell had rung for the second time. Even then a sudden recollection caused her to turn back to the dressing-table. There had been a slender chain round her neck the night before, suspending a little Gothic cross of onyx and gold, and it had suddenly struck her that she had not seen it since she dressed. She could not recollect having taken it off, and it certainly was not on the toilet-stand. Perhaps it had dropped upon the floor. She bent down and looked for it, but to no avail, it was not to be found. Her grandmother had given her the cross the day she left with Mrs. Montgomery, and had told her that it was her father's gift to her deserted mother. She had worn it often in the Newport days, and once she had told Carl Seymour its story, and he had asked her if the mother's true heart had descended to the daughter.

It might possibly have slipped from its clasp as she fell, and he might have picked it up. That was the only way in which she could account for its absence, and she by no means liked the idea of recalling the scene to his mind by questioning him. Surely, if he had seen it, he would restore it without being asked.

Giving up the search as useless, she went down to the nursery for Clara and Johnny, who were waiting for her to take them to the breakfast-room.

Aunt Dorcas, who was crooning over baby, looked up somewhat anxiously as she entered. Baby was lying quite still, his tiny face flushed with the hot red, which Kate knew was Mrs. Armadale's special horror, and she felt a nervous thrill as she noted the dark rings round his eyes, and the heavy sleep he seemed to have fallen into.

"Is he worse?" she asked, quickly. "How did he sleep, aunt Dorcas?"

"Mighty badly, Miss Kate, honey. "He's jest dropped off for the first time since twelve last night, and mebbe it will help him. Sleep does a power o' good to chil'en."

Mrs. Armadale surely never looked more anxious than her governess did, as she stooped over the little one, and touched its hot cheek with her white fore-finger. It was just pretty Barbara's way, and there was just pretty Barbara's thoughtfulness in her softened eyes.

"Well," she said, when she raised her head, "I must go down to breakfast now, but if baby is no better soon, I shall send for the doctor."

She marshaled the children before her into the parlor, talking to them gayly: but for all that she found it no easy matter to say her good-morning. Her face colored high, in spite of herself, and her hand positively shook as she poured out the first cup of coffee. For awhile Carl and she had exchanged places, for though he was a shade paler than usual, he was quite collected.

"We may expect a letter from Barbara to-day, I suppose," he said, with a slight smile. "When she is away I am always compelled to issue bulletins from the nursery, on pain of seeing her worn to a skeleton by the time Alf brings her home."

Kate was not quite sure but that she felt grateful to him for his nonchalance. But then he could afford to be nonchalant. It was not he who had fallen into her arms, and her cheeks grew a thought hotter than before.

"I am afraid the bulletin for to-day is not very satisfactory," she said, trifling with her spoon. "Baby is not well this morning." And before she had finished her sentence, she found herself coloring again, for he was smiling. With his recollection of the Circe of Newport, with her train of celebrities, and her butterfly-life, it seemed so odd to see her sitting there, in her quiet dress, and with her mermaiden's hair knotted in the plain school-room fashion. A novel position for the Circe, surely, this of nurse, and consoler, and deputy mamma.

He was sorry to hear it, he said to her. She must not allow herself to be frightened; but if she thought it necessary, he would send for the family physician.

"Thank you. I will wait until evening," she answered. "If I still feel doubtful then, I will let you know."

She was glad when the meal was over, and she found herself rising from the table.

But before she left the room, a servant came in to remove the breakfast things, and Kate thought there could hardly be a better time for speaking of her lost ornament, and so mentioned it.

"I had it, last night," she added, addressing the servant, "I might have dropped it upon the stairs."

But the girl had not seen it, and Mr. Seymour said nothing, only when first she spoke, Kate observed that he raised his eyes from the paper he was reading. However, she gained no information, and so must fain go up stairs, and leave the cross to its fate.

What a dull day that was! The sky was

dull, the house was dull, the children were dull, and Kate herself was in a perfect fit of blues. The lessons did not make any progress at all. Johnny's head ached, he said, and poor little Clara looked pale. Before the morning had half passed, Kate closed the books.

"We won't try any more to-day, children," she said. "We must cure that headache, Johnny, and, perhaps, we had better go and look at baby."

It was not often that Johnny complained, for he was a wonderfully patient child, but to-day his habitual sage stolidity seemed to have given way, and when he reached the nursery, he began to cry.

Twelve months ago, Kate would have consigned him to the care of his attendant, and gone down stairs to the parlor, with a lady-like sense of annoyance; but now Barbara's responsibility seemed to have descended upon her shoulders, and she exerted herself to her utmost in the matter of consoling. She took Johnny upon her knee and told him one of the always available stories, she sung a little song for him, she built a bark house on the hearth, and gravely related the history of its supposed occupants. But though the tears stopped, Johnny was not himself. He could not be moved to laughter, even at the adventures of Jack the Giant Killer. He only sat still and listened, resting his head upon his hand, and now and then closing his eyes heavily. As she watched him Kate began to feel nervous, and at last she was positively frightened, for, as she ended her stories, he fell into a deep, unnatural sleep upon her arm. She laid her hand against his cheek, and found it burning hot, and there was the same scarlet color on the skin which had alarmed her in baby.

"Aunt Dorcas," she said, quietly, "I will go down stairs and speak to Mr. Seymour about sending for the doctor. I am afraid these children are going to be ill."

There was a little decisive click in the manner of shutting the door behind her as she left the room. She was thinking how much oftener Fate was going to compel her to put herself in Carl Seymour's way.

"From beggar to heiress, and from heiress to beggar!" she said, a thought bitterly. "And now I am mistress of a household, and sick nurse in prospective. What next?"

And then she tapped at the studio-door, and a voice answered her summons with, "Come in."

Since morning, Carl had been shut up in his room, working fiercely. The door opened, and he felt no little surprise at the sight of the slender, black-robed figure, of the serene-eyed young lady, who stood quietly on the threshold, one slim, soft-looking hand resting upon the handle.

"I beg pardon for disturbing you," she said, gravely; "but I thought I ought to come and tell you that Johnny is not well, and baby is no better, and I should like to see the doctor."

At any rate, she did not commit herself in saying this lesson, for the purple-irised eyes met his gaze without a quiver of their fringes. He rose from his chair at once.

"I will see Dr. Chaloner myself," he said. "I am sorry to hear this! My sister will be so anxious. Is there anything I can do for you, while I am out, Miss Davenant?"

"Nothing," she said, with a cold bow of thanks, and after a few more civil words, she left him as quietly as she had come.

"What a pleasant position!" she said, stopping in the hall a moment. "If it were not for the children I should leave the house to-morrow."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A LOVE-LETTER.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

What shall I write to you, dear one?
My pen can never say
The words that my lips would utter,
Could I be with you to-day.

Shall I tell you how I long for
Your voice and your tender kiss?
And the clasp of your hand, my darling,
And the smiles I so much miss?

You wrote me that you had counted
The days that must still go by
Before I am with you; my darling,
Believe me, so have I,

I think of the happy meeting
When I come to you next week;
Perhaps, if no one is looking,
I shall kiss you on your cheek.

I wonder, love, if your blushes
Will rise as you read these words?
I fancy I hear you singing
A sweeter song than the birds.

But I cannot tell you, my darling,
The words that my lips would speak;
So I'll keep them all till I meet you—
Till I come to you next week.

A HEROINE.

BY MRS. R. HARDING DAVIS, AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."

I do not know on what grounds I am justified in calling Elizabeth a heroine. She never suffered from reverse of fortune, from false friend, or treacherous enemy. Her worst grievance was sick-headache. Her father failed, it is true; but the world did not turn its back coldly on her; they were only anxious in the Sewing Circle to know if he would reopen with a fresh stock of lawns, or if it was too late in the summer for that. Elizabeth was a governess. There is a point gained. She taught the Selden children all that she knew of music. But Mrs. Selden was not an aristocratic tyrant; in fact, Lizzy rather patronized the old lady. Nor did Charles Selden, when he ran down from town, fall in love, according to rule, with the modest governess, in preference to all the girls he knew in the city, who were quite as modest, and much better bred.

Elizabeth was neither dazzling blonde nor tropical brunette; her eyes were not violet, nor purple-black, but gray—pleasant and honest, but nothing more; nor was her hair "the gold that Titian loved," of "treacherous, tawny yellow;" the best that could be said of it was, that it was all her own. She reminded you of neither a sunbeam nor a leopard; when she moved, it was not with the flutter of a bird, nor the loping stealth of a cat; she walked wherever she wanted to go very much as you or I would. I must make more humiliating confessions; Elizabeth neither sparkled with wit, nor was devoured by morbid longings. She probably never said a brilliant thing in her life, nor did she "charm you by personal magnetism." I cannot even find a point in the matter of dress on which to hang a description. Of course, she had no lucent emeralds, nor carved ambers in which to manifest her secret self to the one appointed eye; but it would not have been unreasonable to expect that inevitable marvelous point lace, which the most poverty-stricken heroine providentially inherits to wear on the critical evening of her life. If Lizzy secured her pretty new merino in the fall, and jaconet muslin in the spring, she was as happy as any girl in Chester county. Considered as a heroine, Elizabeth was a failure. When a stranger came to church, nobody pointed her out as one of the village belles—she did not even sit in the choir; but the stranger was sure to be taken to her mother's house as the place where they would be secure of cordial welcome and enjoyment; and they inevitably fell in love with homely Mrs Woods, as one of the friendliest and pleasantest people alive, adding that when Lizzy was as old as her mother, she would, probably, be just like her. The house of Mrs. Woods was the rendezvous for the village: the clergyman and his wife dropped in for supper almost every night; the deacons came to argue for or against predestination; the matrons for receipts; the young people to carry on their love-making in some of the shady nooks in the orchard, which the old lady, they declared, left untrimmed for the purpose.

Elizabeth's own love-making had been done in the house, what there was of it. She was engaged to be married next month. John Melvin did not like sitting under bushes, or in the moonlight—he had enough of out-of-doors on the farm, he said. Lizzy was paring peaches by the kitchen-table with her mother the morning the matter was definitely settled. He called to ask about some grape-cuttings, and stood joking and dipping bits of Morris-Whites in the sugar-dish, and eating them. Elizabeth was in high spirits that morning.

"You are a saucy, idle girl," said her mother.

"Shall I take her off your hands, aunt Eley? Will you put up my peaches for me next year, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth laughed and nodded. And then, looking up, saw that John's face was grave and had flushed a little.

"I mean it, Mrs. Woods," he said. "Elizabeth must always have known that I wished it."

"How was I to know it, Mr. Melvin?" stammered Lizzy. "You never——"

"Never sent you flowers, or came 'tronnying on a fiddle at night,' eh?" laughed John. "Ought I to have gone through with all that Philandering? When I mean business, I mean business. I think you understood me," putting his hand on her arm, which was bared for work.

"I think she did, John," her mother said, finding that Elizabeth did not speak.

"Then you'll come, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth nodded again, but did not look up this time. When she was pleased or touched, she had one of the most agreeable, lovable faces in the world. John thought this now and stood, still with his hand on her arm, looking at her a moment.

"Have you settled it, children?" said Mrs. Woods, looking back from the stove, to which she had discreetly turned.

"Yes, aunt Eley." He took his hand from her arm. No one spoke. Lizzy went on paring the peaches, and her mother weighed them. Mrs. Woods had hoped for this for a long time. John Melvin was as steady as a rock, and his farm was his own, and unincumbered. There was a great weight lifted from her heart about Lizzy's future.

As for John, he, too, had been anxious about this matter for years. Elizabeth was very dear to him; yet he would never have married her if she had been a shrew, or wasteful. But she had no faults that he could discover. He had suddenly come into full daylight this morning.

People in the country, however, usually smother emotion under the commonplaces nearest at hand. "Well, I must be going," said John. "Brooks is coming to look at that Alderney heifer. I'll be down this evening, to talk it over."

"Very well, John. We're pretty busy now, as you see;" and Mrs. Woods tumbled her peaches into the kettle.

"Good-by, Lizzy," stooping, quite as a matter of course, to kiss her burning cheek.

That was the first sharp disappointment, perhaps, in Elizabeth's life. That first kiss, whether given in the woodland shade by moonlight, or wherever it might be, was always the culminating point in all the novels she had read; the moments when the heroine's pains and doubts were merged into pure certainty of knowing herself beloved. Bliss was reached. Life had nothing more to give. Every girl is her own heroine. If Lizzie had, in rapt second sight, looked upon that supreme moment, who can blame her?

It was over. John had kissed her, here, in daylight, in the kitchen, before her mother and Miss Pitts, their help for the summer, who had arrived from the cellar at the critical moment. The kiss was very much like any other kiss. She knew yesterday, as well as to-day, that John Melvin would ask her to be his wife. She had not thrilled or trembled. As he kissed her, she was thinking that her hair was still in the crimping-pins, and had noticed that his boots smelled of the barn-yard.

Paradise had opened for Elizabeth, and she had gone in; but she wore still her old clothes, and found, instead of celestial fruits only the hay-fields and mullen of every day.

This was three months ago. The wedding was to be next month. The whole county called Lizzy a fortunate girl. John had fitted up the old farm-house to please her; had even sent the carpenters to Mrs. Woods for a plan of the pantry. Dry goods were down, so that her money had gone much further than they hoped in new dresses. It was all very pleasant, very comfortable. But as for bliss——? The celestial fruits were yet untouched. This was the old hay-field and mullen, with the sun brighter on it, perhaps. She used to try to say over to herself, in an exaltation of feeling with Thekla,

"Thou Holy One, take home Thy child!
I have lived, and I have loved!"

But really, she did not want to go home at all; she was perfectly comfortable. But she had missed the romance that is every girl's birthright. The wine of life had come to her with all the bead and sparkle gone. People began to notice how she moped and complained of headache. Mrs. Merrill, the clergyman's wife, joked her about it, one evening, after tea.

"You were never so fidgety and nervous in your life, Elizabeth, as now, when your fortune's made."

"Young women have a sort of wild-oats to sow as well as young men, I suppose," said Lizzy, trying to be as criminal and reckless as possible. "And you are all so good, I never have had a chance to sow mine."

"I am sure I do not know what you mean," said Mrs. Merrill.

"I don't know either," shrugging her shoulders. She saw John Melvin turn to her flushed face with an astonished, questioning look. "He would not marry me unless my temper was good," thought Lizzy. In all the novels she had read, was there ever a lover who would hesitate for temper, or such minor trifles? Of a surety, Elizabeth had been sore cheated in her lot of life.

"Will you come out and show me your wall-flowers?"

It was the stranger from New York, whom Mrs. Merrill had brought over for tea, who spoke. Elizabeth was so used to strangers that she had not noticed him before. She went before him now, glad to get away from them all, down through the dusky garden-paths to the wall-flowers. The damp November wind swept up from the river across the stubble-fields.

"There is healing in 'the invisible fingers of the wind,'" he said, as if talking to himself.

A queer-looking, little man, Lizzy thought, turning to look at him sharply: with a bilious-yellow complexion, dead black eyes, and lank hair put behind his ears, dressed in a coarse brown suit of city cut, the gaping pockets stuffed with letters and segars.

"I always think of old mother Nature as perpetually curing," turning to Elizabeth, with a smile that somehow established a kinship between them. "Not the loftiest conception, perhaps; but we poor dogs of men use each other so cruelly, that one likes to go out to the hills and fancy a wailing, loving presence there. There, at least, we are no longer alone, and are appreciated!"

Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears. As for the hills, she never had recourse to them, except to reach the farms on the other side. But did not she, too, stand alone, and unappreciated? She waited breathless for the next words. But Mr. Hanlon drew a long breath, altered the position of his old felt hat, and was done with sentiment. "Now to get at the idea of wind," said he, briskly, "you ought to face a sou'wester, coming over the plains, on your route to New Mexico."

"Oh! were you ever there?" cried Elizabeth, whose townspeople never were known to leave the borough limits.

"Yes," turning at her excited face with an amused smile. "You would delight in the fuchsias—sixteen feet. But this is an old story I am beginning. I mentioned the fuchsias in my letters from the plains this summer. You read the newspapers?"

"You are not 'Kappa?'" cried Elizabeth, clasping her hands.

"That is my newspaper signature. In the magazines I give my initials."

Lizzy was dumb. Nobody who had not lived in a country village, and known the awe-approaching dread excited by a man who has "written for the press," can comprehend her emotion. Hanlon laughed, and turned it off with a cough. "Now here is a little thing which may interest you. The nutting-party last week, you remember?" drawing a newspaper from his pocket. "I am here for rest, but I use all the material that I find. All is grain that comes to a poor scribbler's mill."

Grain? Golden seed, indeed, to bring forth such fruit as this! Elizabeth sat on a log of the fence poring over the column with kindling eyes. "Why, I was there! It was stupid and commonplace to me; but here—it is a poem!"

"You compliment me," strapping up his pocket-book. Then he found room for himself on the log beside her. She was a fresh, original little thing! Apparently out of spirits, too. He might as well amuse himself and her. Elizabeth read and reread the story of the nutting-party. Why, here was magic! The dull, ordinary jaunt through the woods read like a strain of music! The turnpike, the wagons, the party of nutters had become a poet's pilgrimage. This man had the divine gift; *he* could turn the weary hay-fields and mullen for her into celestial fruits.

"I have not let it be known who I was," he said. "I did not think there was any one in the village who cared for my pursuits; any one of my kin or kind until now."

Elizabeth made no answer. She had never before felt herself a whit different from the other village people; she had no other tastes, read no other books than theirs; but now she was utterly set apart from them. A great gulf lay between her and them. She was one of the immortal brotherhood of genius.

"You don't object to smoke? Well, then, I'll show you some of my summer's work. Mere studies, you see," lazily leaning back and puffing his segar, while he opened one newspaper slip after another. They sat there until dark came. "We must go in, or we will have your knight down to reckon with me. You ought not to have put the yoke about your neck, by-the-by, until you had seen more of the world, Miss Lizzy. If you were a boy, how I should like you for *compagnon* out yonder exploring in the West!"

Lizzy did not answer. If John came down, he undoubtedly had the right to break up this delicious dream which the last hour had brought. Why did she give him the right? The "yoke" galled her. If there had been any approach to flirtation in Hanlon's manner, her purity would have taken the alarm. But this intellectual sympathy—this wish that she were a boy and his *compagnon*: there was a greeting here of soul to soul, which she had never received from John Melvin, and in which was no disloyalty to him. As for Lizzy's part in the conversation, we may conclude she had given satisfaction in the matter of admiration, from Hanlon's reflections as he followed her up the path, drawing the last whiff from his segar. "Wants cultivation, poor little body! But she has very correct ideas in the main—sees where an article has power better than your professional critics, hang them!"

"I will come over in the morning," he added,

aloud, "and read you some passages from that book I mentioned, Miss Lizzy. That is, if you will be at leisure?"

Now Lizzy had promised to go over with John and look at the poultry-yard, which needed a fence. But—"I will be at leisure," she said.

"Come down to the place where we were sitting just now, then. It's a shady little nook, and will be cool in the morning, eh?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"Unless our sir knight has objections?" looking at her keenly. "He is the *fiance*, you know, and I am only the friend."

"He does not care to sit in shady corners to talk to me himself, and he won't even notice that others do it," she laughed, but petulantly.

"Ah–h?" He walked beside her in silence, giving one or two furtive, inquiring glances at her heated face. Ben Hanlon was a generous, imaginative fellow. "The girl is being driven into an unwelcome marriage," he thought. "I'll be as kind to her as I can." When they reached the porch, the moon had fully risen, and threw long, flickering rays of mystical light over the trailing vines and ghost-like trees.

"No, I will not come in," he said.

She halted on the upper step, looking down at the pale face that fixed a strange, pitying look on her. Somehow the ordinary good-by, which she would have spoken, died on her lips.

"We *are* friends, are we not?" in a low voice, holding out his hand.

There was no disloyalty to John in giving him her hand, surely? Yet the nervous fingers of the friend thrilled her as the lover's had never done.

When John came for Elizabeth next morning, she was snugly ensconced in the corner of the ivy-covered wall overlooking the creek, and could not be found at the house. Hanlon lay at her feet, reading to her. It was a hot day, and this shade and the ripple of the water were pleasanter than Mrs. Merrill's best room. Lizzy amused him, too, and he thought sincerely that he was showing her a kindness. When noon came, therefore, and the dinner-horns blew, he half rose and lazily sank back again. "If we could only stay here all the afternoon?" he yawned.

Lizzy's heart throbbed with guilty pleasure. Why should she not have this one happy day? It would be the last. "I will go and steal some lunch, and we will stay!" she suggested, breathless.

Hanlon laughed. He looked uneasy for a moment as she ran away, but puffed away his twinge of conscience with his segar, and then sauntered out to the melon-patch and brought in a cantaloupe. Lizzy ran back in triumph. She had completed her foraging unseen, and they sat side by side on the grass and nibbled the bread-and-cheese, and shared the melon with all the zest of adventure of two truant school-boys.

During the long afternoon Hanlon read, or lazily talked of his favorite subjects, his own life, and his own opinions, while Lizzy listened, her hands clasped over her knees, her eyes fixed on the broad sheet of water rippling in the sun. She heard John Melvin's voice at the house, but she did not move. She wondered if it would ever have power over her life again? Elizabeth, we think, improves in her role of heroine. She was, however, neither an intolerably vain, nor passionate woman, as you may judge her to be. She had only a certain vein of romance, or sentiment, which John Melvin had never thought it worth while to open. Hanlon did think it worth while for an hour's amusement, and it bubbled forth with a depth and abandon of which he had no conception.

The sun was setting when he rose. "It is unfair in me to keep you longer. I have no claim on you." She thought he sighed. "I am going to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"It is later than I intended. I meant to go to-day. But I felt that I must know you better." He hesitated. "One hears a friendly call sometimes, sailing on this great ocean of life, and we know that it comes from one born in our own country. But the ships only touch to part. They cannot sail in company."

"No. And yet—— I wish I were a man!" passionately, looking up.

"Heaven has sent you a better lot," laughing. "Are you not coming to the house? Good-by, then."

"Must you go now?" she said.

"Yes. I have an engagement with, with—— These stupid duties are the chain wherewith we're darkly bound, after all, I think." He held her hand, pressed it slightly, and hurried away. The truth was, it was Mrs. Merrill's supper-hour, and he had a keen remembrance of her fried chicken and waffles.

As for Lizzy, she sat still, to think. She had learned from her favorite histories that in every heroic life comes the crisis, the imminent moment when Fate must be met and grappled with. She thought it had come now; she determined to look at her Fate as coolly as Lily

Dale or Mary Lowther, her favorite heroines, would have done. John Melvin, she acknowledged, was one of the noblest types of men, generous, honorable to a fault, and loved her dearly. But all this could be said of the unhappy lovers, of these her heroines. Of Hanlon she knew nothing. He was the acquaintance of a day. He might be weak, cruel, a gambler, or a *roue;* but he pleased her passion or her whim. Her heroines on this ground had struggled through volume after volume of contumely and misery, to cling to their whim for the scoundrel, and make the deserving man's life wretched. This was the highest ruling in the court of Love. To be sure, Hanlon did not love her, there was no chance that he ever would. But would Mary Lowther have hesitated for that? In the name of earnest womanhood—no! Was not the remembrance of certain "thrills, with which her hand had touched her cousin's coat," enough to induce that heroic young female to cast away her lover, and make himself and her comfortably wretched for the rest of their lives?

Night gathered around Lizzy as she sat alone. Her blood grew chilled, her head pained her. The outcry and persecution would be terrible if she broke her betrothal; she was not a strong girl, and she began to cry. "But I cannot marry him with the feelings that I have!" she sobbed. Perhaps under all was some vague idea that if Hanlon knew she was free—must the ships part in mid ocean? "I will go to John and tell him all," she cried, getting up.

Perhaps if she had had time to reach the house, the story might never have been told. But a hand was laid on her shoulder as she spoke.

"What is the 'all' you have to tell me, Elizabeth?"

"Oh, John!" (There was no need to tell all; half would do.) "I meant to say to you," pale and desperate, "that it must all stop. I cannot be your wife, John."

"Why not, Lizzy?" He laughed—a wild, discordant laugh, she thought.

"We are not alike. There is not that kindred instinct, that sympathy between those born under our star," trying to talk the dialect of all young women in her situation. "I will never make you happy, John."

"I think you will, Lizzy," gravely. "I have loved you a long time; since you were a little midge of a thing at school. I never told you that, did I? I have studied your character and my own thoroughly. I did not let passion blind me, and I think we have every element of happiness to begin with. God helping me, I'll do my part." Elizabeth felt an inexpressible swell of comfort rising in her heart. There surely never was a manlier man than John; and his smile just now was as tender as a woman's. But what! Where were her instincts of affinity? Did not John Eames plead in just this way, and did not Lily Dale nobly turn her back on him, and vindicate her pure instincts by clinging to the boorish ruffian who had jilted her?

"Go!" cried Elizabeth, tragically, turning away.

But John Melvin held her by the wrist.

"What do you mean, Elizabeth?" he said.

The man was capable of passion, after all, and she had pushed him too far.

"I mean that you must go on your own road. I cannot marry you."

"If you don't marry me, Elizabeth Woods, my horse may break my neck, to-night, for aught I care!" and he flung her from him.

"John! John!" she cried, feebly.

But John was gone. The next moment she heard his horse's hoofs galloping down the creek road.

She sobbed a little, but not long. The gusty scene had relieved her overburdened spirit, as sheet lightning clears the atmosphere. She went into the house and ate her supper with an appetite. To-morrow Mr. Hanlon would, doubtless, come to say good-by again, and there would be that delicious pattering of words and looks on the border-land of friendship and passion; and there would be another stormy scene with John—and would she make it up with John, after all? Poor old fellow! It seemed as if she really had always been John's property. She romped with the baby awhile, and then tried on her wedding-bonnet with great satisfaction, going to work to alter the flowers.

About ten o'clock her father came in. "The creek bridge is down," he said. "I told the commissioners 'twant safe weeks ago."

"Did not John take the creek road going home, Lizzy?" said Mrs. Woods.

But Lizzy could not answer for the sudden terrible choking in her throat.

"Pshaw! John Melvin's not the sort of man to risk his neck so," said her father, leisurely drawing off his boots. "What's the use of skeering the child? She's as white as a sheet. John's got his wits and his eyes about him, Libby. He'll be here in the morning, I'll warrant him."

But John did not come in the morning, nor at noon, nor at night. Mr. Woods, becoming alarmed, rode over to the farm. John had not

returned on the night before: the workmen supposed he had remained with the Woods, as he had lately sometimes done. Mr. Woods came home pooh-poohing and gruff, but inwardly terribly in doubt. His wife went about pale and silent; the village was in a fever of alarm, which was subdued into anxious whispering when Lizzy approached. They need not have tried to shield her. She had known the worst at once. "He is dead!" she said, quietly. "He is dead!" for she remembered those last words. It was she who had done it—she, with her paltry mad whim of passion and vanity.

It was on Tuesday night that the bridge fell. Thursday, Friday passed without tidings. She asked no questions: sat quite still in her own room, with dry, tearless eyes. When her mother moved softly about her, caressing her, was the only time she would speak. "I loved him, mother," she would say. "Dou you think he knows now that I loved him?"

"Keep up heart, child. John will come back."

But Lizzy did not seem to hear her; went back to her vacant staring out of the window at the glassy surface of the water, under which he was lying. "I loved him," she would say, nodding to herself.

She knew it now—now, when it was too late.

Forbes, the old village doctor, came to see her: looked at her set lips and distended eyes. "There is danger," he told her mother and the women when he came out. "You women have a knack of bringing the tears—try and bring them."

They began, therefore, to talk of John before her; of how the whole country side was mourning for him as the man that could least be spared; of his generosity, his honor, his strong judgment, and then, with bated breath, of his love for her. She looked at them without answer. Who knew what manner of man he was as she knew it? No one but she knew how noble and great was the life that she had cut short with her weak, murderous hand.

She thought, if he could but know that in her soul she had never been false to him, that it was but the mad folly of a moment which drew her from him, that he would forgive her; that, dead, he would be generous, as he had been in life. If her voice could pierce heaven, and reach him where he stood!

"I love you, John," she cried. But only her lips moved. Those who stood nearest her heard not a sound. They caught her in their arms, and laid her like one dead on the bed.

"He may come back," they said, thinking she could hear.

But in the village there was no hope. The men, with Mr. Woods at their head, had been dragging the creek, and firing a cannon over the water, in the hope of recovering the body. Late in the afternoon, the women about Lizzy saw a sudden confusion in the crowd of men and boys down on the bank. There was a running and hurrying together.

"They have found it," they whispered, shuddering, to each other—and one after another went noiselessly out of the room.

But it was only a hat which had been dragged out of the water—a brown felt hat, which they all knew at once.

Old Mr. Woods took it up, and brushed the clotted mud off it as tenderly as though it had been the dead man's face he touched. "There's his name in his own hand, bold enough—*John Melvin!*" laying it down. "Sure enough! the man that wrote that is under the water, boys. Merciful God! here's Lizzy!"

They all drew back as the girl came through the crowd, and knelt down by the hat. She did not touch it, but stooped over it, as though it brought her closer to the dead man, and then she burst into a low sobbing, which brought tears to the eyes of even the men.

Suddenly there was a quick motion in the crowd about her, cries, an oath or two, and a loud, cheerful voice exclaiming,

"Where? Why, to see about Brook's Aldernly heifer, to be sure. Then we went over to the county fair. Yes, that's my old hat; it blew into the creek as I crossed the ford. Why, Lizzy, child!" and he picked her up and carried her like a baby into the house, holding her close to his breast, and when they were inside, kissing the wet, pale face passionately enough to satisfy even her.

"But you were angry with me, John? I thought you had gone to the bridge, meaning to die there!"

"Bless my soul, Lizzy! Do you take me for a fool? What would I die for? No; I wanted to see Brooks about the heifer, and went to tell you; but you were out of sorts that evening, and I let my temper get the better of me. So I thought I'd better stay away a day or two until we had both cooled off. Besides, I knew there would be some merino ewes at that fair worth seeing. I'm not sorry for this mistake," he added, after a moment. "I never would have known how you love me, if you had not thought me dead."

"No, neither am I sorry," said Elizabeth, quietly.

A day or two after, John said,

"Where is that little scribbling chap who was at Merrill's?"

"I don't know. I had quite forgotten him," answered Lizzy, which was quite true.

That evening, however, she received a large yellow envelope, with two or three columns of newspaper-cuttings inclosed. She read it, growing angrily red.

"What is it, Lizzy?" asked John, who was watching her.

"Does that mean *me*?" the tears of mortification standing in her eyes.

"By George! here's the whole story! Pathetic incident-idyl of innocent love, broken in upon by Death's mournful summons. Village damsel—fair, ignorant, uncultured, save in the art of love—the manly Strephon for this Chloe. It's certainly you, Lizzy, for here is your name in full. But your friend must have left before the end, for here is a full account of the finding of my body, and a description of you insensible upon the sands beside it. I wonder he left you alive. Here is a note—did you see?"

Lizzy read it.

"My Dear Miss Woods—You will perceive that I have exerted the descriptive powers, which you were so kind as to approve, in your behalf. The story possessed fine elements for a sensational sketch, and I willingly exerted myself to make it as complete as possible for you, feeling only too happy that I was able to return the pleasure which the hours passed in your society gave me.

"Yours faithfully.

"Benjamin Hanlon.

"P. S.—Necessarily, the sketch is not quite literal. I took the liberty of bringing Mr. Melvin's body to shore instead of his hat. We artists have our privileges, you know. I am most happy, for your sake, that it was the hat only which the waters drank down to muddy death. My wife, to whom I told the story, offers her good wishes with mine to both him and you.

B. H."

John laughed heartily.

"Not a bad fellow, I take it. But half-witted, I suppose, Lizzy?"

"One of the vainest, weakest men that ever lived," cried Elizabeth, vehemently. "The very thought of the man disgusts me."

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY MRS. CLARA B. HEATH.

I dare not hope the words I write—
These simple words of mine—
Will find an echo in your heart,
Or cause a smile or tear to start,
Like other words that meet your sight,
Upon these pages fair and white,
From earlier friends of thine.

That scarce can be, for early love,
And early friendship, too,
Hath never doubts that bid us weep,
Or cloud-like o'er their glories sweep,
Such as our later ones must prove,
Ere they our inner life can move,
And mark them false or true.

Yet in that heart of thine I fain
Some little nook would fill;
Think of me as a harp whose strings
Are broken—as a bird whose wings
Made many vain attempts to rise,
Who weary grew, but never wise—
Think of me, as you will.

But do not quite forget the days
We have together passed,
When o'er your face I watched the glow
Of feelings hidden far below,
Called up by some loved poet's lays,
Whose rhymes more even than their ways,
Less shade than sunshine cast.

Crowned or uncrowned, it mattered not,
So in our hearts we heard
An echo of the song he sang,
A chord that to his touch outrung
With music sweet, or gay, or sad,
Waking the tears or laughter glad,
As minor chords were stirred.

Another claim I have to be
Remembered still by you;
Are we not both together bound
For that fair land where Love is found?
Love boundless, infinite, and free!
To us a life-long mystery,
But which the Cross proved true.

Have we not learned to trust that Love?
Not in its fulness wide,
But like as children who are led
In thorny paths, who fearful tread
In the dim light a shadowy land,
Still clinging to a Father's hand,
And dare not leave His side.

Mayst thou be taught of Him and blessed,
Till earth's bright things shall seem,
Contrasted with the joys in store
For those who love Him, vague and poor,
Like faces that may calm to rest,
But have no power to make us blest—
Such as we see in dreams.

ONE PEEP AT A BLUEBIRD'S NEST.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

One last ray of the summer sun slanted over the tree-tops, till it reached the open back window of a small white house. Disdaining to touch the wood-work, it rested lightly on the hair of a young girl, who stood listlessly gazing down the meadow lands that sloped gently into the Connecticut. Such pretty hair it was that the sun chose to rest upon, not by any means unlike itself, coiled high upon the head and combed in light waves away from the fair face. The evening air was sweet with the breath of the fields, the woods, and the flowers in the garden below the window; but the girl who stood there looked discontented and out of tune with the soft landscape. Gradually, however, some sense of the beauty and stillness reached her spirit; she bent forward, crossed her arms, and rested them upon the window-sill.

"Yes, it is pretty," she murmured; "pretty and quiet, but so everlastingly quiet—just like this, day after day, nothing on earth to break the monotony of these long days. If it would only be like it is in books! In books you may live in the quietest sort of a place, and a hero is sure to come at some time. Oh! I wish I had a hero! Some one like Thoope, or Hamilton, or like the Professor in 'The Old Mamselle's Secret.' I don't suppose I'll ever see anybody like them."

These most unprofitable reflections was broken abruptly by a sharp, shrill voice, which called,

"Enid! Enid! Come down here, child—here I am, ironing just as hard as I can, and you dreaming away the living afternoon."

At this unwelcome call to things of practical life, the dissatisfied look returned to Enid's face, but it was no frown to ruffle her white forehead.

"Yes, mother, I am coming;" and she descended the stair-case slowly.

The owner of the eminently practical and working-day voice, whom Enid called mother, was not by right entitled to that sacred name. Enid's mother had died when she was quite a little girl; her father, about two years before you make her acquaintance, leaving her to the care of his brother's widow. Enid's father was a Congregationalist minister of unusual ability and attainments, and he had educated his daughter well, whilst her aunt took good care of the physical Enid. After her father's death, Enid took her education into her own keeping, and preferred the eager perusal of all the novels and poetry she could lay her hands on, and incessant rambling over the fields and woods, to the systematic course pursued by her father. Mrs. Burt allowed no "help" in her house—it was a class of beings whom, she averred, ate their heads off and smashed the crockery. Mrs. Burt believed housework to be the end and aim of every created woman; baking-day, churning-day, washing-day, were her eras—so Enid was early instructed to brew and to bake, and performed her allotted duties without a thought of rebellion; but gilding and illuminating the prose of pies, loaves, and sweeping, with her own romantic fancies and youthful dreams. When Mrs. Burt washed cups and saucers, it was with full attention and deepest interest; when Enid stood by and assisted her, it was with faithful service of hands, whilst the thoughts roamed at will through the halls of a dazzling *chateau en Espagne*, where young ladies who did not like housework might spend the day riding in a carriage, or sitting on a sofa, with piles of magazines and books in easy reach.

Of late months an unaccountable dullness had settled down over everything; the society of the village girls were tiresome; her rustic conquests and triumphs flat and unprofitable; dreams were all very well; but there was such a thing as too much shadow and too little substance. Her aunt would have said that the novel-reading was taking all the life out of her. In fact, she was muttering to herself something of the kind as Enid entered the kitchen.

"Here, Enid, set this apple-sauce away in the buttery, and put the raspberries and blackberries both on the supper-table. I'm right down hungry for berries this evening."

"Will you go over to service, mother?" said Enid, as she cut the cake into regular slices.

"Well, I conclude not. I'm tired out with getting those clothes in. I guess I'll let you do my worshiping for me."

The clear, deep tones of the six o'clock bell vibrated through the air, as Enid ran up to her

own room to put on her hat for the weekly prayer-meeting. Despite her expressed disdain for the admiration of the young farmers, and a certain young person of the grocery and drygoods persuasion, there was always an exhilaration in finding herself the object of decided notice. So Enid tied her collar with a blue ribbon, carefully adjusted her small straw hat over her rippling hair, took up her hymn-book, and departed. She had not far to go—the lecture-room stood in the rear of the church, just across the broad, village-green. It was already full as Enid entered, and the service had begun. She took her usual seat by a pillar and joined in the hymn. She sang always with a little conscious pride: her voice was both sweet and strong, and she sang the chorus, "Yes, we'll gather at the river," with much fervor, not spoiled by the innocent knowledge that "Enid Burt's" contralto notes were no small addition to its melody. But, as she raised her eyes at the end of the verse, she encountered a look which sent the "Shining River" out of her head with unseemly rapidity. The look was from a pair of gray eyes that shone with unmistakable admiration, which Enid, though far from conscious of the growing beauty of her delicate face, recognized with the deepest blush and instant dropping of the eyelids. The young man, for it was a young man to whom the gray eyes pertained, immediately withdrew them, with a sudden thought that though it might be pleasant enough to gaze at a rustic beauty, there might possibly be some difference of opinion on the lady's side. Enid's thoughts were in a whirl—very ridiculous to let one glance of admiration upset her so; but then a young gentleman of that type was rather a novelty in her experience. "Who could it be!" she thought—no one she had ever seen before; not Mr. Sargent, the school-teacher, who had just gone home, at the beginning of the summer term, decidedly ill in body, and not a little so in mind, from excessive and imprudent attention bestowed upon the changing expression of a sweet, childish face, which was too near to his seat in church, and was met too often on the side path that led from Mrs. Burt's house through the village. No, it was not Mr. Sargent. Who could it be? Enid would have liked very much to look up and investigate at her leisure, if she could be sure of not again meeting those brilliant eyes. At length she glanced up timidly, and had the satisfaction of finding the stranger's back turned. She had barely time to observe a well-formed head set upon broad, stalwart shoulders, and covered with very short, black curls, before he turned suddenly with the instinctive feeling that some one was regarding him intently. Poor Enid was very much disconcerted. She wished a thousand times that she had stayed at home forever, rather than have come to meeting to stare so boldly at a strange young man.

The prayer-meeting, like every other event in life, came to an end in due time, and Enid went home very much taken up with wonderings and speculations. She must have forgotten the strange, young gentleman very thoroughly; for the next day, at the dinner-table, when Mrs. Burt related to her as a great bit of news, that a Mr. Maurice Dwight, a friend of Mr. Sargent, had come down from Boston to spend the summer, and teach the children in Mr. Sargent's place, she made no mention of having seen him the evening before. Several days passed by, tiresome enough to Enid. She neither saw nor heard anything of the interesting stranger; she had by no means omitted to do as many a girl before her had done—she thought of the handsome gray eyes, and more than once fancied she heard a strange footstep, and tipped shyly to the window to peep out; but the passing foot belonged in one instance to a long-necked pedlar; in another to the butcher—no food for romance in those prosaic specimens.

Saturday afternoon was bright and beautiful. Enid had looked forward all day to a prolonged ramble over the meadows, which was to terminate in a favorite haunt by the river. When the last loaf of cake, the last relay of pies was carefully put away, she was free to escape from the hot kitchen to her own cool little room, which she did, up three steps at a time. Off went the great calico apron, sacred to baking-day, and on went a blue cambric dress, plain and simple as possible in fashion, and decidedly short, but fitting trimly and gracefully her tall, lithe figure. Mrs. Burt advocated sun-bonnets—her niece did not. Many a tough battle had been waged over this question in Enid's youth; the young lady affirmed that in a sun-bonnet she could neither see nor hear, and she might be run over by a cow, or anything, without knowing anything about it; but, in spite of these arguments, many times was the sun-bonnet tied over the curls, to be promptly torn off as soon as the little gipsy was out of reach. In time the steady will gained the victory, and now a broad, white sundown hat was tied on with Enid's invariable blue ribbon, that seemed the only color to find

its way into that neat, prim little box in her top drawer, which held her slender stock of finery.

Her preparations completed, Enid ran out through the back-door, and was soon in the meadow-lane—this lane wandered down to the river shore, and was bordered by young beeches and elms, wreathed with grape-vines and wild clematis, in all the tangled luxuriance of July foliage. As it neared the river, the larger trees gradually disappeared, and alders and pollard willows took their place. From side to side the blue figure flitted, now bending over a trailing sweet-brier bough, now making a bold dash into the sedgy brook after a glowing cardinal flower, or some nodding ferns and grasses. She sang softly to herself over the flowers, feeling that subtle bond and sympathy, which is between us and our voiceless friends, the trees, the grass, and the flowers—a teaching our souls were so slow to receive. Those gentle friends never reproach us, no matter when we seek them, whether with a heart filled with bitterness or seething with angry passions, or whether with a conscience at peace with God and man, their welcome is the same; the grass and the flowers bend their dewy and fragrant heads meekly under the foot of him who has slain his brother's soul, or him who has rescued it; the trees interpose their quivering leaves to shelter alike the head of the innocent wayfarer, or him who flees from the avenger of blood. Is this steady neutrality a serene indifference? No, no! Far different is its lesson. It is the tender appeal of Him who "maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." It is the love of the All-Merciful speaking to us in these never-failing sympathies, this impartial care.

The end of the lane was reached; the ground had become marshy; here and there little tufts of vivid green grass showed the firm footing—that is, firm enough for Enid's light tread. Just beyond the marshy land was a narrow strip of path formed by the accumulation of earth on the roots of the pollard willows, which grew there in abundance; thick, sedgy grass matted over this, had formed a narrow levee for about a hundred yards. In some fierce storm in by-gone years, one large willow was particularly uprooted, and had crashed over the bank, through the branches of its companions. It stopped about two feet from the water, and there it rested until the trees near-by had arched their branches over its head, and tender, green vines had clambered gently around its torn roots and dismembered limbs, working silently until all the unsightliness of death was gone, and a cool, shady retreat was there.

Now, as it happened, that brilliant afternoon had lured Mr. Maurice Dwight to walk in the fields as well as Enid. Half an hour before the blue dress and sundown-hat descended the lane, Mr. Dwight had sauntered down. He was surprised to discover the path beyond the marsh, but very well satisfied withal; so he traversed Enid's small stepping posts at one bound, and with a lack of exploration that did him no credit, passed by the nook on the old pollard willow, and found a comfortable shade at the extreme end of the firm ground, quite concealed by the foliage. Here he stretched his handsome length with great comfort, and prepared to regale himself with Horace, to the time of the river, the rustling leaves, and the bluebirds and bobolinks that darted in and out of the grass and branches overhead.

"Quite a colony of bluebirds," he murmured, after watching their evolutions for a little while. The Horace slid gently from his hand—the riverside music had done its work. Mr. Dwight was startled from his light slumber by a loud exclamation. He turned his head quickly—Enid stood on the verge of the solid earth, looking in vain for her first landing-place, which, alas! Maurice's foot, as he sprung, had crushed out of sight, her hat hung over her shoulders by its ribbon, her cheeks were tinged with a bright, rich glow.

"Well, it's certainly gone, how, I do not know. I suppose I must take a good jump; if I do go in, it won't make much difference, only I wish it was the old delaine!"

As she spoke, she gave a spring, and reached the half-way point, then another, and it was over.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Mr. Dwight, under his breath. "The queen of the bluebirds herself, and my little church-girl! But what has become of her?" Enid had stepped upon the fallen willow, and ensconced herself in a seat she had long ago formed of interlaced boughs. Maurice bent cautiously forward, desperately curious to observe the movements of this active nymph. It may be he was wrong to watch her, as, all unconscious of watching eyes, she sang a little, then began to talk in her own fashion to the birds.

Maurice had a dawning idea of the kind.

When she suddenly sprang to her feet, Maurice drew back.

"What is she going to do now? I would not have her find me looking at her for the universe.

Since I did not move at first, I ought never to be caught now." But Enid had no idea of searching for intruders on her causeway. The reason of her sudden movement, was the discovery of what looked like a bluebird's nest in the crotch of a tree near the further end of her willow.

Enid had never walked out to the edge of the prostrate tree; the bark was off in many places, and it was slippery, rather a precarious footing; but then she must see if that was really a bluebird's nest.

"If I do fall into the water," she said, aloud, "I know how to float. I can't swim, but I know I could float. All you have to do is to shut your mouth, and lie still on your back;" so, holding on to the boughs on each side, she advanced quite securely, until she was opposite the crotch, there, sure enough, was a veritable bluebird's nest, with the tops of several blue eggs just visible.

"If I could just step on this branch, and hold on to the one above me, I could look right down into the nest, and count the eggs."

With the words, and before Maurice, who had sprung forward to stop her, could speak, she rested her whole weight on a slender branch. It broke instantly. With a crash the poor little queen of the bluebirds fell, not into the water, but just saved from it by the thick mass of vines woven in and out of the boughs below her.

Maurice was on the log directly, and had lifted her in his strong arms. But she neither spoke nor moved. Maurice carried her to the base of the tree, kneeling by her, and resting her head on his arm. He was fearfully frightened. Was she dead, or was it only a swoon that caused that deathlike stillness?

"It is my fault," he muttered. "I should have warned her not to venture on such a perilous place."

At length, with a deep sigh, she opened her eyes.

"Oh, where am I?" she cried; then added, in a tone of sharp pain, "My ankle!"

"You fell from the tree. Have you twisted your ankle?"

Enid started at the voice, and blushed to find a young man's face bending over her in anxiety, whilst his arm made a pillow for her head.

"Yes, I believe I must have," she said. The blush faded, and left her ashy pale, as she attempted to rise.

"Oh! what am I to do?" she said, as, with a moan of pain, she sunk back on the grass.

"Let me take you up and carry you home," said Maurice, gently.

"Oh, no! I can't do that."

"That is all that can be done," said he; and seeing her eyes closing, and the color rapidly receding from her face, without more ado, he lifted her, and was soon bearing her with steady strides up the lane. Enid's light weight was nothing to his trained muscles; but the sight of that pallid and suffering face touching his shoulder, filled him with a strange sensation of pity and tenderness. When they reached Mrs. Burt's door, the good lady hurried out, full of exclamation, wonder, and questions. Mr. Dwight delivered up his burden with a hasty explanation, and went off, promising to send the doctor on his way.

The doctor soon put the strained ankle in order, with sundry jokes as to Enid's birds-nesting. Directly he was gone, Enid raised up on her elbow to ask several questions that had been distracting her mind.

"Mother, what did Mr. Dwight say when he brought me in?"

"He said you had stepped on a weak limb to look in a bird's-nest, that the branch broke, and you fell. He happened to be near-by, so he picked you up and brought you home—and he said that much in precious few words, and was off like a shot. Now don't ask any more questions, child, but take the doctor's powder, and go to sleep."

But this last Enid did not do. She lay awake, wondering how Mr. Dwight came down by her sanctuary in the willows, and if he had thought it very troublesome to have to carry her such a long distance.

Mr. Dwight, as in duty bound, called early the next morning to inquire the state of Miss Burt's health, and was so little satisfied with that one account, that every day found him asking the same question at Mrs. Burt's door.

At length, one evening, when, according to custom, he slammed the gate, and stepped over the soft, green sward, he saw something far more satisfactory than the weather-beaten countenance that usually greeted him. Enid was well enough to be brought down under the escort of her aunt, and the little maid, Ellen. There she was in a corner of the sofa, a bright Affghan thrown over the sprained foot. She looked very fair, very lovely; all she needed was a little color, which Maurice's entrance supplied perfectly.

"Ah! you are down at last. I need not ask if you are better."

"I am much better, thank you," replied Enid,

with rather a stiff manner, the result of her shyness.

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Dwight, emphatically, "as I consider myself in no slight degree responsible for the accident."

"*You* responsible!" cried Enid, surprised out of her embarrassment.

"Why, yes; I should have warned you not to take so uncertain a stepping-place."

Enid longed to ask where he could have been to see her, and all about it; but she did not exactly like to, as he did not pursue the subject, but began to talk, Enid thought, most delightfully, drew her out with so much tact and skill, that she found herself talking and laughing in the most unconcerned and confidential manner.

This was but the first of many such interviews. Mr. Dwight came, and came again. Whist she was a prisoner in the house, Maurice did all he could think of to amuse her, painted wild flowers for her, told her long stories of his wanderings in foreign lands. Neither once thought for a moment of where this unrestrained intercourse was leading them. Maurice did once stop to wonder if Enid's influence over him was not, perhaps, stronger than any he had ever yet experienced—if he was going to fall in love with this fresh country-bred girl. But this sort of self-examination was in the way just now, reflection was postponed. He lit his segar, and fell to thinking of the peculiar tint of Enid's hair; how much more appropriate a simple muslin dress and linen collar was for the adornment of a woman's beauty, than silks, and panniers, and gewgaws; how deep grew her eyes, when they read together the idyl of "Elaine;" some day, when Enid should meet the man she was to marry, how she would love him; and then away went the segar with a quick toss, and he was off to see if Miss Burt would care to look at his album of sea-weeds from the Mediterranean. Enid, for her part, had forgotten to surmise about "her hero," never thought now of the matter at all; she was quite content to talk to Maurice, and tell him so many of her thoughts that had hitherto been unshared.

One day he told her that it was time she should make an effort to walk across the room. She made one faint protest, and then obeyed his laughing assumption of the doctor's authority, which he took care to enforce by most willing aid of his shoulder as a crutch. Maurice might have been warned of his danger by the thrill of pleasure he felt at the confiding touch of that small, white hand. So magic was the contact, that when they reached the door, Enid agreed that she was quite able to limp over the grass to the shade of a huge elm that stood in the yard. Mrs. Burt sat soberly preserving peaches near the door. She looked up to caution Enid not to overdo the matter. Maurice would have been perfectly satisfied to continue their walk to Boston, but Enid prudently stopped at the elm. Maurice arranged the Affghan over a heap of shawls for her, and threw himself on the grass beside her. Tennyson was just then the reigning favorite. Maurice had brought, that evening, an illustrated "Maud;" so the book was opened between them, his duty was to sustain the weight of the book, hers to turn the leaves. A faint breeze stirred the elm-boughs. The voices of some happy, young base-ball players in a neighboring field; the distant ringing of the blacksmith's hammer in the village came pleasantly to their ears. Maurice felt a vague sense of happiness steal over him as she turned leaf after leaf of the passionate love-story. There was something magnetic in the proximity of Enid's bent head and downcast eyes fixed on the book, that innocent little hand resting on its ledge—a restless wish grew upon him to seize it in his own. They reached the lines—

> "She came to the village church
> And sat by a pillar alone;
> And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
> And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed,
> To find they were met by my own."

A sudden recollection came to Maurice, he raised his eyes and looked at Enid. Involuntarily she met his glance, and colored deeply at its meaning.

"Do you remember it?" he whispered. She did not reply; she remembered it only too well. They had both forgotten Mrs. Burt, as though the corner of the yard, where she stirred her preserves, had never been; but for an abrupt and unforeseen interruption, they would have committed, I know not what folly. The interruption was the arrival, through the kitchen into the back yard, of a tall, fine-looking, rather elderly woman, in traveling costume. At the sight of her, Enid started violently.

"My aunt Ruth!" she ejaculated. Aunt Ruth was saying,

"Yes, Susan, I am on my way southward; but I thought it would never do to go by the old place without calling in for a day or two."

"I think it would do very well," thought Mr. Dwight.

"Is that Enid?" continued aunt Ruth, peering curiously at the two under the elm-tree.

Mrs. Burt hastened to explain why Enid did not come forward to welcome her aunt.

"A sprain! reason enough." Mrs. Brandreth walked with a vigorous step toward her niece. Enid rose. Maurice was presented.

"Ah, Mr. Dwight! I am well acquainted with yer name; had the pleasure of seeing your sister, Mrs. Crampton, on the cars yesterday; the beautiful Miss Renwick was with her."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Dwight, politely.

"Miss Renwick was looking remarkably well," she continued, with the air of a person who possessed an undoubted passport to favor.

"Yes," said Maurice, indifferently. Then, turning to Enid, he whispered, "Can I come to-morrow afternoon in the hope of some happy accident that will give me your society for at least a few minutes?"

"Perhaps," said Enid, with a bright smile.

"So Mr. Maurice Dwight is amusing himself teaching school, and rusticating in this dead and alive little place," said aunt Ruth, that night. "You must not let him make you too many pretty speeches, Enid. Handsome young fellows, with nothing to pass away the time, are rather too fond of that sort of thing."

"I don't think Mr. Dwight is likely to offend in that way," said Enid, as steadily as she could, but unable to repress a rising color.

"No. I dare say not—I hope not, at least. It would be decidedly objectionable in him to make summer love to a pretty face."

"Why Mr. Dwight more than any one else, aunt Ruth?" asked Enid, carelessly.

"On account of his engagement, you know."

"His engagement!" repeated Enid, faintly.

"Why, yes. Didn't you know he is engaged to Miss Adeline Renwick, a great beauty, and an heiress, too, they say? His family would not put up with anything else, I venture to say; they are all as rich as Jews, and as proud as peacocks."

But Enid heard not the latter part of her aunt's speech. The words "engaged to Miss Adeline Renwick" sent a sudden darkness to her eyes. She got up, went to the window and leaned out of it, turning her back upon Mrs. Brandreth, who, congratulating herself inwardly upon the clever manner in which she had put an end to any chance sentimental fancy on her niece's part, stepped into the kitchen to look up Mrs Burt. Enid walked up stairs to her own little room, bolted the door, and knelt at the window. She looked up at the quiet stars and tried to organize her confused thoughts. That one cruel sentence was branded like fire upon her poor, loving heart. Was it so? Was this the end of her short, sweet dream? It was only that evening she had waked to the certain knowledge that she loved him. It had seemed—oh! it had seemed that he loved her; and now that was all her blind imagining, or his treachery. They might call it the idle amusement of a thoughtless man—but it was not; it was treachery—it was falsehood.

You see, poor Enid never thought of doubting her aunt's statement, it seemed a perfectly natural thing that a happiness so sudden, so dear, should have as sudden an ending. She pushed back the long hair that had fallen with a disdainful gesture. Who was she? Enid Burt, a country girl, poor and obscure—what was there in her to compete with a brilliant beauty? Adeline Renwick! She mused over the name. It was Adeline Renwick that he loved; it was just and right that he should love some noble creature like himself. Poor little Enid! In her tender woman's love resentment could find no place—it was her folly, her misapprehension. She had in her first despair accused him, but that was only in a wild wish to spare herself. No, she had fearfully mistaken him, but she would do so no more; the past was hers no longer, but the future she could control; she could never see him again. The school term would soon expire; until then she would go and stay with a friend who lived some miles away. In a short time he would return to his best and dearest; and she—she would drink patiently her bitter draught of life, and, in self-forgetfulness and sacrifice, tread her by-way in the great world until her Father should release her. The "happy accident" that Maurice had hoped might interfere with aunt Ruth's absorption of Enid, did actually occur. At the breakfast-table a telegram was brought in, requiring her instant presence at home.

"Now mind," she said, as she kissed her niece good-by, "now mind you send Mr. Maurice to the right-about, when he comes sauntering into the yard to talk trash and dilly-dally over poetry."

As Enid wearily ascended the first step of the stair-case, Ellen ran to her smiling, with both hands clasped around a bunch of perfect tea-roses, heliotropes, and geraniums.

"Mr. Dwight stopped at the gate and sent them to you, Miss; he said he had walked to S——, this morning, to get them for you."

A thrill of vivid pleasure and pain passed over her. She knew where he had been—it was five miles distant. He had walked all that

long way to give her pleasure! The flowers should be taken to her own room, to be dreamed over! But no, that would never do. With compressed lips she went into the dining-room, took down a tall, glass vase, with a carved wood stem, that Maurice himself had given her, and carefully arranged the flowers in it, then put it on a table where their sweetness would be the common property.

Early in the afternoon, Maurice Dwight walked into the sitting-room, as he usually did. Enid was always found there; but this afternoon there was no Enid, no trace of her, except a flimsy, blue tissue veil, which had caught on the back of a chair. Maurice took it up and stood looking at it for a second with a half smile. He did not put it down, but walked on into the cheerful kitchen, sure of finding its owner there. Ellen started up to tell Miss Enid of Mr. Dwight's arrival; but there was no need, she had recognized the first of those firm footfalls; she sent word that Mr. Dwight must please excuse her, she was not well.

"Go back, Ellen," said Maurice, "and tell Miss Burt that Mrs. Childe has lent me her pony-phæton, and I am sure a long draught of fresh air, enforced by a little rapid motion, will do far more to cure her than to stay shut up all the afternoon." Enid reiterated her excuses. "Very sorry, but it was impossible for her to appear," she said.

"Very well," said Maurice, quietly, with no further effort to change her resolution. He did not go immediately, but sat down and began to talk to Mrs. Burt very pleasantly, but with an occasional absence of mind, which showed itself when he went, by his thrusting the little gauze veil into his breast pocket. Enid heard his voice, and longed to run down and go with him anywhere. It was so new not to follow Maurice's lightest wish.

Maurice wondered a good deal at Enid's unusual conduct, and felt half inclined to doubt her indisposition; but the next afternoon found him again at his shrine. Again he was unlucky; he learned that Enid had taken a walking-stick and gone off to take a short walk.

"Do you know what direction she took, Mrs. Burt?" he asked, carelessly.

"I do not, sir." Maurice bowed, and followed his own conjectures. Down the meadow-lane he went. It was the first time he had trodden that path since he strode up with that senseless burden in his arms.

He walked rapidly, with an increasing eagerness to find her. Over the marshy ground he sprang, until the causeway was gained; there was the little figure he sought, sitting upon the old willow, her head bent until her face, covered by both hands, was pressed against the bark.

"Enid!" She started violently and raised her head. "Enid, what is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing at all, thank you, Mr. Dwight! I must go now." She rose and moved to go, but Maurice seized her hands.

"Why do you avoid me, and treat me so coldly," he said, vehemently, "when you know that coldness from you is death to me?"

"Oh, hush!" she cried, struggling to release her hands. "You must not say such things to me, you know it is wrong to talk so to me."

"Why must I not?" he said. "Why is it wrong to tell you what you well know, that I love you most deeply, most earnestly? Do not trifle with me, Enid—say that you will be, that you are, my own."

"Oh, pray, pray hush! What would she say, what would *she* think, Adeline Renwick?"

"Adeline Renwick!" repeated Maurice, slowly, "what has she to do with me? Is it possible your aunt has been filling your mind with such rubbish? Adeline Renwick is nothing to me but a pretty girl, I have met quite often at my sister's."

"And you do not love her?" murmured Enid, her eyes falling to conceal the light that glowed in them.

Maurice drew her gently toward him.

"Look at me," he whispered.

She raised her head, their eyes met. In that long gaze he read her heart, and for her all doubt, all distrust of her lover, were forever gone.

A THRENODY.

BY N. B. TURNER.

DREARY and cold are thy winds, oh, November!
Chill with the spray of the pitiless sea;
Sadly I think of thy vintage, September—
September which never returns unto me.

Once I could greet thee with smiles, bleak November!
And sport with thy winds as unwearied and free,
And joy in the fruit of thy vine, rare September—
September which never returns unto me.

THE SUPRIZE PARTY.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

THEY have been havin suprize partys round here all winter, and the children have urged me to go to em, but I held back.

"I dont believe in em sez I and I wont go" But finely they got their father on their side—Sez he "it wont hurt u, Samantha, to go for once."

Sez I "Josiah Allen the place for old folks is to hum, and I don't believe in suprize parties any way—I think they are perfect nusances. It stands to reason if u want to see ure friends u can invite em—and if any body is too poor to bake a cake or 2 or a pan of cookies they are too poor to go into company at all." Sez I "I haint proud nor never wuz called so, but I dont want Tom Dick and Harry that I never spoke to in my life, feel as if they are free to break into my house any time they please"—Sez I "it would make me perfectly wild to think there wuz a whole drove ov people liable to rush in on us at any minute, and I went break into other wimmens houses." And sez I "hev u forgot how some ov em carred liquer to old Peedicks and two or three had to be carred up and laid on to Miss Peedick pes spare bed?" Sez I hev u forgot how they broke Miss Bobbets porler lamp all to smash runnin round ketchen each other—hev u forgot these insidences?" sez I in cold tones.

"It is fun" sez Thomas Jefferson "I should love to see you and old Deacon Bobbet playin wink em slyly."

"Let em wink at me if they dare" sez I sternly. "let me ketch em at it. I dont believe on suprize parties," sez I in firm ackcents.

"No morevo I" sez Josiah, "but the childern are so set on our goin, sposen we go for once—No livin women could do better by childern than u hav by mine, but I dont suppose u feel exactly as I do about pleasin em—it haint natteral you should."

There he knew he had got me. If ever a women tried to do her duty by another womens childern it is Samantha Allen whose maiden name wuz Smith—Josiah knows it—he knows jest how to start me. Wall there haint no use talkin—I went to the very next party which wuz to be held 2 miles beyond Jonesville they had had em so fast they had used up all the nearer places. They had heard ov this family that had a big house—and the women had been to the same meetin house with Betsy Bobbet 2 or 3 times, and she had met her in a store a year before, and had been introduced to her so she said she felt perfectly free to go—and as she wuz the leader it wuz decided on. They went in two loads, but Josiah and I went in a cutter alone—we got started ahead ov the loads and when we got to the house we see it wuz lighted up real pleasant, and a little cutter stood by the door. We went up to the door and knocked and a motherly lookin women with a bunch ov catnip in her hand opened the door.

"Good evenin" sez I, but she seemed to be a little deef and didnt answer. I see as we stepped in thro a door partly open a room full ov wimmen.

"Good many got here" sez I speakin a little louder.

"Yes a real good doctor" sez she.

"What in the world!" I began to say in wild amare.

"No" sez she "It is a boy"

I turned right round and laid hold on Josiah, sez I "start this minute Josiah Allen, for the door." I laid hold ov him and got him to the door, and we never spoke another word till we wuz on the sleigh and had turned round—then sez I—"Mebby u will hear to me another time Josiah Allen"

"I wish u wouldnt be so agravaten" sez he. Jest then we met the first load where Tirzah and Thomas Jefferson wuz and we told em to turn round and go back, for they had other company and couldnt have us. We went back most to Jonesville when we met the other load who had topped over in the snow—as we drove out most to the fence to go by em, Josiah told em the same as he had the other load.

"I dont care for company" sez Betsy Bobbet risin up out of the snow with a buffalo skin on her back which made her look wild, "I dont care for company: Did they say we mustnt come?"

"No," sez Josiah, "they didnt say so."

"Woll then girls and boys," sez she clamberin into the sleigh, "less go on."

They went and how they got along I haint never enquired and they dont seem free to talk about it. But they kept on havin em. Betsy

Bobbit as I hav sed wuz the leader and she led em once into a house where they wuz makin preparations for a funeral and once into a house where they had the small pox. They had all been vaxeynated so they got of better than they ort to. Some how Tirza and Thomas Jefferson got sick ov em, and left off goin, and az for Josiah, though he didnt say much, I knew his mind.

One nite about 2 weeks after this, one Monday nite, I had had an awful days-work washin and we had been up all the nite before with Josiah, who had the newralegay in his back. We hadnt one ov us slept a wink the nite before, and Tirzah and Thomas J had gone to bed early. It had been a lowry day and I couldnt hang out my cloze, and so many ov em wuz hung up round the kitchen on lines, and nails, that Josiah and me looked as if we wuz settin in a calaco tent. And what gove the room a more gloomy and melankolly cast, I found when I went to lite the lamp at nite that the kerosine wuz all gone—and bein out ov candles, I made for the first time in my life what they call a "slut"—which is a button tied up in a rag and put in a saucer ov lard, u set fire to the rag, and it makes a lite which is better than no lite at all—as a slut is better than no women at all—in that way I suppose it deryved its name, but it haint a dazlin lite, nothin like so gay and festive as gas. I, beet out with work and watchin, thought I would soak my feet before I went 2 bed, and so I put some water in the mop pail as set by the side ov the stove with my feet into it—the thought had come to me after I had put my nite cap on. Josiah set behind the stove rubbin some linament into his back—he wuz barefooted, with his coat and vest off. Josiah wuz jest speaken 2 me and sez he

"I believe this linyment makes my back feel easier Samantha, I do hope I shall get a little rest to nite."

Sez I "I hope so too Josiah" Jest az I sed these words, without a minutes warnin, there came a knock—and the door opened at the same time—and in poured what seemed to me at the time to be a hundred and 50, men women and children, headed by Betsy Bobbet. Josiah so wild with horror and amazement that he forgot his lameness for the time bein, leaped from his chair, and backed up against the wall between the back door and the wood box. I rose up and stood in the mop pail, 2 strickea with amaze and horror to get out of it—for the same reason heedin not my nite cap, which was cut sheeps-head fashion.

"We have come to suprize u" sez Betsy Bobbet sweetly. My tongue clove to the roof ov my mouth—no word could I speak for I wuz speechless, but I glanced at em with looks which I suppose filled em with awe and dread, for Betsy spoke again in plaintive ackcents—

"Wont you let us suprize you?"

"No! No!" sez I wildly—for then my voice came back—"I wont be suprized!—u shant suprize us to nite! We wont be suprized! Speak Josiah" sez I turnin to him in my extremity "Speak! tell her! Will we be suprized to nite?"

"No, no!" sez he in a firm, warlike tone, as he stood backed up aginst the wall. "No we wont be suprized."

"U see friends" sez Betsy to the crowd—"she wont let us suprize her. We will go." So she headed em off—but she turned at the door, and sez she in a reproachful ackcent, "Mebby it is right to serve a old friend in this way—I have known u a long time Josiah Allens wife."

"I have known u plenty long enuff" sez I steppin out of the mop pail and shetten the door which they left open—pretty hard.

Josiah came from behind the stove, pushin a chair ahead ov him, and walkin by the help ov it, and sez he

"Darn the suprize parties; and darn——"

"Dont swear Josiah" sez I "I should think u wuz bad enuff off without swearin."

"I *will* say darn Betsy Bobbet, Samantha. Oh my back!" he groaned, settin down slowly on his chair "I cant set down, nor stand up."

"U jumped up lively enuff when they came in," sez I

"Throw that in my face, will u, what could I du—and there is a pin stickin into my shoulder, do get it out Samantha, it has been there ever sense they came, only I haint sensed it till now."

"Wall," sez I in a kinder soothin tone, as I drew it out ov his shoulder—it must have hurt him awfuly had he not been 2 crazed with fear 2 feel it—sez I "less be thankful we are as well off as we be, Betsy might have insisted on stayin. Ill rub ure shoulders with linyment agin, and I guess ure back will feel better. Do u suppose they'l be mad, Josiah?"

"I dont know, nor I dont care," sez he "but I hope so." And truly his wish came to pass, for Betsy Bobbet haint spoke to me sense. The rest didnt seem to care but she was awful mad, which shows that it makes a difference with her, who does the same thing, for mestin with a disappointment here, they went that night

right from here to suprize the Editor of the Gimlet, and it came strught to me, Celestine Peedick told Miss Gowcley and Miss Gowcley told me, he turned em out of doors and shet the door in their faces. The way it was, his hired girl had left him that very day, and one of his twins was took sick with the colic. He had just got the sick baby to sleep, and laid it in the cradle by the fire, and he had give the other one some playthings and set her down on the carpet, and he was washin the supper dishes, with his sleeves rolled up and a pink bib apron on that belonged to his late wife; he was just finishing his dishes when he heard an awful scresmin from the well babe and wildly wringin out his dishcloth, he rushed out with it still in his hands, and found that she had swallowed a side thimble, he ketched her up and spatted her on the back and the thimble flew out half way across the room—she screamed and held her breath, and the sick one awakened by the tumult, set up in the cradle and begun to scream, jest then the door burst open and in came the suprise party headed by Betsy Bobbet. They say, half crazed as he wuz that he told em if they didnt leave that minute he would prosicute em, some of em was mad about it, but Betsy Bobbet was'nt, for in the next weeks Gimlet these verses came out.

'TIS SWEET TO FORGIVE.

BY BETSY BOBBET.

'Tis sweet to be,
'Tis sweet to live;
But sweeter, the sweet
Word, forgive.

If harsh loud words,
Should spoken be,
Say "Soot be calm,
They come from he—

"When he was wild
With toil and grief,
When colic could
Not find relief."

When twins are well,
And the world looks bright,
To be "suprized"
Is sweet and right.

But when twins are sick,
And the world looks sad,
To be "suprized"
Is hard, and bad.

And when side thimbles
Swallowed be,
How can the world
Look sweet to he—

Who owns the babe,
Fair twin Heaven bless it,
Who hath no mother,
To caress it.

Its mother a year ago
Hath gone above,
Ah! how it needs,
A mothers love.

My heart runs o'er,
With tenderness,
But its dear father tries
To do his best.

But housework man
Cant perfectly understand,
Oh! how he needs,
A helping hand.

For when twins are sick,
And girls have flown,
Tis sad for a dear man,
To be alone.

He noble one;
Had cares enuff,
For life is wild,
The world is rough.

Such brave, hard toils,
Should brave sufficed;
Hero! he should not
Have been "suprized."

TAKE ME BACK!

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

Take me back
To the days, to the innocent days,
When life's budding morn was erst gilded with rays;
To the time when affection, as pure and so true,
Spread over my pathway its exquisite dew.—
Take me back!

Take me back!
To my home—to my bright, happy home—
Where envy and jealousy never did come;
To that halcyon spot, where the shadows of night
Ne'er mingled alloy with my dreams of delight,
Take me back!

Take me back—
Nay! nor mem'ry the bliss can restore;
Those exquisite pleasures forever are o'er!
To the brightest of days, when my wayward feet ran
By the brook and the meadow, nor mortal e'er can
Take me back!

Take me back
To the time when my mother, now blest,
Clasped my innocent form to her roseate breast!
The days of probation that to me were given
Seem run; then, oh, God! to my mother in Heaven,
Take me back!

Take me back,
Mother earth, in thy shades let me rest;
The bosom that nourished can't here make me blest,
I am weary of life, and of all that's termed joy,
And Death hath no terrors but Faith can destroy—
Take me back!

Take me back,
Heavenly Father, my home is with Thee,
Where pleasure to poison changed never can be!
Let this casket so vile be consigned to the dust,
Its gain is immortal, in Thee doth it trust—
Take me back!

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 601.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the fourteenth of July, 1790, the city of Paris resolved to commemorate the taking of the Bastile, and all France was invited to rejoice with those who had laid this mighty fortress in ruins.

From a surface of two hundred thousand square miles came thousands on thousands of dusty and tired travelers, moving toward the capital, singly and in delegations, singing hymns to liberty under the burning rays of a July sun.

These men came from the foot of the Alps, crowned with eternal snows; from the deep valleys of the Pyrenees, and the rugged regions of Cevinnes and Auvergne; from the low and dreary lands washed by the waters of the Atlantic, and from the iron-bound coast of Bretagne. They came from the valley of Rhone, where ancient Rome has left its imperishable monuments, and the vine-clad hills of Garonne; from the broad bosom of the Loire, and the banks of the Seine; from the forests of Ardennes; from the plains of Picardy and Artois; from every corner in France the people came forth rejoicing to join the grand jubilee at Paris.

The people of the city were making noble preparations for their patriotic guests. The grand ovation was to be given in the Champ de Mars, a large, open space lying between the military school and the Seine. The ground was turned into an amphitheatre by removing the earth from the center, and piling it around the circumference, forming it into seats of turf, tier above tier, until a space was secured larger by many times than old Rome ever gave to her gladiators.

Twelve thousand men worked day and night in this arena, but the impatience of the people was greater than their efforts. So the Parisians fell to work themselves, men and women, rich and poor, priests and soldiers, came in sections, with banners and music, spades and barrows, to work while the day lasted. When the signal was given, they returned home singing and dancing by the light of their torches.

Before the day appointed the great amphitheatre was complete. In front of the military school was stretched a noble awning of scarlet cloth, ornamented with golden *fleur de lis*, and under this glittered the royal throne, with seats for the president of the Assembly and the deputies. In the center of the amphitheatre the people had built an altar ascended by broad steps, from which a great cross rose toward heaven with solemn significance.

At six o'clock on the fourteenth two grand spectacles were witnessed in Paris. The morning was cloudy, and the rain came down in torrents, but this had no power to check the enthusiasm of the people. They filled the streets by thousands on thousands, and the sun, had it shone that day, would have poured its light on more than three hundred thousand citizens seated on the court of the Champ de Mars, waiting for the ceremonies which was to commemorate their first great step toward the freedom they never learned how to use or keep. In the vast space on which they looked fifty thousand soldiers were gathered, while three hundred priests, in white surplices and broad, tri-colored sashes, slowly surrounded the altar.

Beyond all this arose a second and more noble amphitheatre, of which this was the center. Montmartre, St. Cloud, Mudon, and Sevres, swept in grand panorama around the basin in which Paris stands. Nearer yet, the quay of Chailet and the Heights of Passy were crowded with eager spectators.

But at the site of the Bastile a still more exciting scene presented itself. There federates from eighty-three districts of France, each with the banner of its department, had assembled, prepared to march forth and meet their brethren of Paris, who waited for them at the Champ de Mars. Deputations from troops of the line, and sailors from the royal navy, were ready with drums, trumpets, and banners, to escort them through the city, in all the pomp of a grand military display.

Lafayette, mounted on a superb war steed and surrounded by a brilliant staff, took the

lead, and the deputations defiled out from the Place de Bastile, amid the roar of cannon and the clash of military music which thrilled all Paris with expectation; but from the ruined strong-hold these guests of the nation poured to meet a wild, riotous welcome as they passed through the streets. Black clouds gathered over them like the smoke of a hostile army, the rain came down in torrents, and the streets were ankle-deep in mud; but all this was overborne by the unconquerable enthusiasm of a people who would read no evil omen in a lowering sky, and scarcely felt the torrents of rain that beat upon their heads as they crowded the pavement, the windows, and the house-tops, to cheer their guests as they passed.

At the Place Louis Quinze, the Assembly joined the procession, which swept on, one vast stream of wild, riotous human life, and merged itself, as great rivers seek the ocean, in the thousands already assembled at the Champ de Mars; thousands on thousands that greeted them with a roar of welcome to which the boom of the cannon was but a hoarse accompaniment.

Then there gathered closer to the altar three hundred priests, in snow-white surplices and broad tri-colored sashes; and when the king, with the queen, the dauphin, and such members of the court as still remained in Paris, entered the tent erected for them, and seated themselves, amid shouts of welcome which must have, indeed, seemed a cruel mockery to a monarch who had been forced there to witness his own humiliation.

It was pitiful to see that forced smile on the proud lip of the queen, more pitiful even than the grave, sad face of her royal husband, who looked around at this vast concourse of people, guided, as he keenly felt, by his enemies, with a thrill of unutterable anguish. There was no sympathy with the scene among the courtiers, who regarded with grave anxiety, or scarcely suppressed scorn, the insane joy of a people whom they had been taught to despise, and were beginning to fear, and which filled them with mingled apprehension and contempt.

All was still now, for the Bishop of Autun was performing mass at the altar, and the people of France had not yet learned to scoff at all religion; so the voices of prayer, and the smoke of censors, rose up from the midst of that vast multitude in holy quiet, and for a little time, half a million of tumultuous revelers bowed before the cross of Christ, which was floated in their midst.

When the mass was ended, the bishop lifted the oriflamme of France on high, and blessed it with a solemnity that awoke a throb of hope in the heart of the queen; then he blessed the banners of eighty-three departments, and laid them down amid a glorious burst of music from twelve hundred musicians, who ended the solemn service with the *Te Deum*.

Now the military crowded up to the altar; both land and sea forces flooding the sacred structure with superb coloring and rich flashes of gold. Lafayette led the staff of the Paris militia, and upon the crowded altar swore, in behalf of the troops and the federations, to be faithful to the nation, the laws, and the king. The murmur of this sacred oath ran from lip to lip till it had been echoed by the great multitude.

Then King Louis arose, pale and firm, with the dignity of a monarch, and the feelings of a martyr. Standing in front of his throne, he swore to maintain the constitution and laws which he had already accepted. As he finished the queen came to his side, with the dauphin, a fair, smiling boy, in her arms. With a gleam of maternal pride she presented him to the people, and said with touching pathos,

"See, my son, he joins with myself in the oath his father has taken."

These words were drowned as they were uttered, by a burst of enthusiasm, loyal at least for the moment; and almost for the last time in her life, Marie Antoinette heard voices from every part of France shouting, "*Vive le Roi! Vive la reine! Vive le dauphin!*" Her heart throbbed, her beautiful eyes filled with tears, her face brightened into youth again. She turned her look upon the king and smiled—the dear old music of popular praise had never touched her so keenly before. She had taken Mirabeau's advice, and in good faith made an effort to assimilate with the people, who had once loved her. She wore no jewels, her dress was simple and matronly, but, with that beautiful boy in her arms, she looked more royal than ever.

Then commenced a scene of indescribable hilarity. The crowd broke up, marching and dancing to wild bursts of music. They defiled before the royal balcony, tossing words of endearment to the queen with airs of intense patronage. They called that beautiful woman by a hundred coarse and caressing names, and hurled advice to her with the gestures of women feeding poultry. Fish-women from the market crowded to the throne, and called her mother, while they insisted upon shaking hands with the little Dauphin.

Marie Antoinette bore all this with the spirit of a martyr; nay, her own waning hopes had been exhilarated even by this rude homage, and she was willing to deceive herself into a belief that the people of France might yet be won to do her justice. So she smiled on the gay throng that danced and shouted before her, took the child in her lap, and told him to kiss his little hand to the people who loved him so, and laughed outright at some of the quaint compliments paid to her beauty.

While she was thus occupied, a group of young girls came into the broken procession, carrying garlands in their hands, and loose flowers in their aprons. They were led by a fair and gentle young creature whom the queen regarded with a flash of pleasant recognition. This girl stepped out from her companions, suddenly approached the throne, and laid her flowers at the feet of the queen, to whom her great blue eyes were lifted with a look of touching affection.

Marie Antoinette gathered up the flowers and held them in her lap with seeming carelessness, but her fingers had searched out the letter they concealed, and while apparently admiring the blossoms, she read,

"Have I performed my promise? Is the monarchy saved? MIRABEAU."

For answer the queen gathered up some of the flowers, and fastened them in the lace that shaded her bosom. A flash of light came into the young girl's face. She arose, and her sweet lips joined in the song of her sister flower-girls, who broke into a regular dance, flinging up their long garlands as they waited for her.

"Long live the king! Long live the queen!"

With this shout ringing sweetly from their fresh lips, the flower-girls whirled away, waving their garlands, and tossing back loose blossoms to the steps of the throne.

There was little regularity in these proceedings; all was gayety and brilliant confusion. The anarchy which followed was already foreshadowed in the shouts, dances, and songs, that turned what should have been an august assembly, into a revel.

After the flower-girls came the federates, full of enthusiasm, and after them the legislative assembly, in which Mirabeau walked with a step more haughty than any king of France ever assumed. His bold eyes fell upon the flushed face of the queen with a look of proud triumph, and the wonderful smile that made his strong face more than beautiful, swept it as he saw the flowers on her bosom. These flowers had a language of thanks that he read at a glance, and felt more keenly than words, for there was a touch of romance in them that fired his imagination.

The deputations and the assembly passed on; then came a change in the music, a hush, as if something of unusual interest were approaching. This was broken by low murmurs, more thrilling than shouts, while the thousand that still remained in the Champ de Mars surged around the altar and toward the throne.

It was only seven men, bowed, thin, white-haired, and broken, who came slowly forward from a seat they had occupied, and with faltering steps, were about to pass before the throne.

The color fled from Marie Antoinette's face when she saw this pitiful band of men, some old without years to make them so, all with a look of broken-hearted apathy in their eyes, ready to pass before the throne like ghosts calling for judgment. The king turned white, and a spasm of pain shot athwart his face. The nobles, who stood behind the throne, shrunk back, casting glances of sudden apprehension on each other. They need not have feared these poor, broken men, for grief and privation had made them weak as little children. If any expression appeared upon their wan faces, it was that of vague, wondering gratitude toward the king, who saw them free, and made no protest.

The court of France was gathered, like ghosts, about the throne, upon which a ghostly king and queen where sitting, while the live shadows of an ancient despotism crept toward them with downcast faces, and steps that faltered in their walking.

Then a look of infinite pity came into the king's face, and clasping his hands, like one who inwardly asks forgiveness of God for sins not altogether his own, he bowed his head upon his breast, and waited for these ghostly reproaches to pass on. But the queen sat upright, clasping her child firmly, as if to shield him from the indignant murmurs of the people, which came fearfully to her ear.

The seven prisoners—for these were all the Bastile contained when it was torn down—paused an instant before the throne, and one of them called out, in a broken voice,

"Thanks, sire, that you have made us free!"

The king lifted his head, and these wronged men saw that his eyes were full of tears. The people who stood nearest saw it, and the vindictive spirit which had forced this trying scene on their monarch, gave way to a burst of generous sympathy.

"Down with the Bastile! Long live the king!" burst from a thousand lips that had been bitter with curses a moment before.

"Down with the Bastile! Long live the king!" rolled back among the thousands already defiling toward Paris; and that which the extremists had intended as an insult, was rolled into the most glorious events of the day.

"Thank God that you are free!" said Louis, in a low voice, that scarcely reached any one but the queen. She spoke louder, and with generous enthusiasm.

"There are none among all these thousands who grieve for your sufferings, or desire their redress more than the king and his wife," she said.

A quivering shout broke from these feeble old men; some of them tried to smile, others began to cry, and one came forward, tottering feebly in his walk, and with his thin hand outstretched,

"Give it me! If you have pity, give it me! For your own sake, for mine; for the sake of those who come after us, give me the ring upon your finger!"

His eyes shone as he spoke; the white beard upon his bosom quivered with the eager intensity of his words.

The queen hastily took a ring from the star-like jewels that flashed on her hand, and leaning forward, held it toward the old man.

"Ah! if a ring could atone!" she said, with the brightness of great sympathy in her eyes, "there is enough for you all!"

"Not that!" said the old man, impatiently shaking his head. "Give me that other—the golden serpent—the green beetle that has slept in the tombs of Egypt thousands on thousands of years! Give me that!"

"What, this?" said the queen, looking with a thrill of awe on the tiny, golden serpent strangling a beetle, which was coiled around one of her fingers, looking old and strange among her other shining jewels. "It came to me in a strange way, and I have worn it long. Will no other do? This is of less worth than any."

"Give me that!" persisted the old man. "I want no other! Take it from your finger, lady; the hand is accursed around which that serpent coils!"

How eager he was; how his faded eyes shone and sparkled. He clutched one thin hand in the silver of his beard, and twisted it in an agony of impatience.

"Grief has touched his mind," thought the queen, drawing the ring from her finger. "After all, why should I care for this more than another, only because I found it on my toilet years ago, and could never learn how it came there?"

Still she hesitated and held the ring irresolute. There seemed to be a fascination about the antique gem that troubled every one who touched it. The prisoner's hands began to quiver, and his eyes grew keen as a serpent's when he fastened them upon it. Inch by inch he crept nearer to the throne, with the look of a man who meant to seize upon his prize if it were not readily given up.

"Give it to me! Give it to me! Your mother would not have withheld it a moment!"

"My mother! You speak——"

"Of Marie Therese—the empress! The great and good empress—my august sovereign!"

The queen reached forth her hand and gave him the ring.

He grasped it; he pressed it to his bosom and lifted it to his lips in a wild passion of delight. It seemed to fire both heart and brain with new life—to lift a weight from his shoulders, and give vigor to his limbs. He fell upon his knees before the queen, and pressed the hem of her robe to his lips, murmuring thanks and blessings in her native language.

"It may be averted! This was a soul, a life to me, but the most venomous serpent on your hand. It has filled your life with hate and tumult. Be at rest now, the evil has departed from your house, from you and from yours."

The old man arose and stood upright, as if he had been aroused from a long, dim dream. The unutterable sadness had gone out from his face; he turned toward his astonished companions smiling.

"The old man is mad," said Maria Antoinette, leaning toward the king. "Why should he care for that ring more than another?"

Louis smiled. How could he answer? This scene had made but little impression on him; and those around only knew that the queen had given a ring from her own hand to the oldest and most picturesque of the seven prisoners; but this was enough for a new excitement, and a shout of "Long live the queen!" broke through the noise of their revelry.

One person in that vast crowd had marked the scene well, and crept close enough to hear much that was said. This was the Indian dwarf Zamara, who had come to the Champ de Mars in attendance on his mistress, who sent him into that portion of the crowd, that he might bring her intelligence of all that passed near the royal family. He went back to her

now with a gleam in his eyes that she had learned to understand.

"What is it, marmoset? I see that something has happened," she said, stooping toward him, as he pulled at the folds of her dress to enforce attention.

"That ring."

"What ring?"

"That which you took from the German doctor before he was sent to the Bastile, and which I laid on the toilet of the queen, that she might wear it and curse herself forever."

"Hush! Hush! You speak too loud!" exclaimed the countess, turning pale with affright.

"The German doctor is one of the seven prisoners."

"Great heavens, no!"

"I saw him myself, and knew him. One does not forget such eyes."

"Are you sure, Zamara?"

"Am I ever mistaken? The man has changed, but I knew him at once."

"But the ring—you said something about the ring?"

"The ring you sent to the queen. Ah! I remember well, madame gave me one hundred Louis d'ors for that; but she would not take my word, she waited to see it on the hand of her majesty—that wounded Zamara to the heart."

"I would give that sum over again to know it had left the queen's hand," said Du Barry.

"Then it is mine, for I saw her take it from her finger and give it to the prisoner."

Zamara spoke eagerly, and his black eyes shone with sudden greed. The one strong passion of his life gleamed up fiercely; deprived of much else that men crave, the thirst of gain had grown to fearful strength in him.

The countess shook her head. She had no great trust in the word of her little slave.

"Ah! the greedy little monster," she said, with a contemptuous laugh; "he expects me to believe him, and pay him, too, as if Louis d'ors were as plenty with me now as he found them when we lived at the Trianon."

"But I saw the ring in his hand."

"Perhaps! But I did not."

"But you believe me?"

"Believe you! Ah, marmoset! you and I know each other too well."

The countess touched her slave upon the head with her fan, and laughed provokingly, for she still loved to torment the little creature, it brought back a flavor of her old life.

The Indian ground his teeth and looked down, that she might not see the gladiator-look in his eyes. She laughed and gave him a smart rap over the ear with her fan.

"Take that! You daring to grind your teeth at me!"

The dwarf gave her one glance, sharp and venomous, that would have terrified a stranger; but madame only laughed the louder, and gave him another blow across the forehead, leaving a mark of dusky scarlet there, which girded it like a ribbon.

Then, in his impotent rage, the little creature stamped his foot upon the ground, and stooping suddenly, tore her silken robe with his teeth, at which she laughed heartily, beating him off with vigorous blows, as if he had been an unruly dog. It was not till she saw great tears in his black eyes that she ceased to torment him. Then she held out her hand, still laughing.

But the dwarf drew back in sullen wrath.

"Come, come! I will have no sulking!" cried the woman, half angry herself, for she had no dignity of character to lift her above the creature she so loved to torment. "Tell me more about the ring. If what you say is true, I shall not mind giving you a handful of gold."

"But how can I prove it? You will not believe me."

"Ah, yes! there is a difficulty! Cannot you persuade the old man to lend it to you for an hour. I should know the ring in an instant."

A gleam of light shot into Zamara's eyes.

"You would like to have it again?" he said, quickly.

"Heaven forbid! Why, marmoset, it was because the ring was said to carry ruin with it to any but the hand of its owner that I had it placed in the way of the queen. She was Dauphiness then, you know, and I had not learned how forgiving and generous she could be. That act has given me many an hour of pain since; and I would gladly give any one twice the gold you crave to be certain that she is well rid of it."

"And you will yet pay as much?"

"Yes; but I must see the ring with my own eyes."

The dwarf began to rub his small hands slowly together.

"One hundred Louis d'ors. You said a hundred?"

"Why, what a greedy wretch it is. One would think he eat gold."

"One cannot eat without gold," answered the dwarf, with a grim attempt at wit, which came awkwardly through his old anger. "Be-

sides, what would Zamara be without gold if he lost his mistress?"

Du Barry grew red in the face; to her the very mention of death was worse than an insult.

"But your mistress is well. She is not old, but strong, and bright, and young as ever," she said, sharply. "She will outlive you, minion, a hundred years. Heard gold, if it makes you happy, little wretch, but never tell me again that it is because you expect to be alone. I could brain you with my fan for the idea."

Zamara laughed; the thoughts of so much gold had restored his good-humor.

"Wait till I have brought you the ring, mistress; but tell me first what it is which makes this twisted gold of so much importance?"

"Why ask me? Have you no memory? You heard this Dr. Gosner say that it was endowed with strange mystic powers, bringing happiness and prosperity to all and any of his blood, but continued misfortune to the stranger that ventured to wear it. From his account it must be a talisman of wonderful power. But you remember it all, for it was not often that any conversation passed at the Trianon which you did not manage to hear."

"I remember what this Dr. Gosner said, and I had the ring in my hand," answered the dwarf; "but there is time enough to find out what it means."

"One thing is certain," said Du Barry, thoughtfully; "the poor queen has had little but misfortune since it touched her finger. I wish we had let it alone."

The woman arose from the turf seat she had occupied and prepared to move after the crowd which had by this time swarmed into the streets, leaving the great altar, with its incense, and the throne, with its rich draperies, desolate and empty.

As the countess and her strange attendant passed out of the Champ de Mars, they came suddenly upon the prisoner of the Bastile, who turned his eyes upon them at first with listless indifference, but directly a quick fire of intelligence shot into them, and he moved forward, evidently intending to address the woman who had so ruthlessly torn the very heart of his life out. But, with the vigilance of fear, Madame Du Barry darted behind a group of persons that were passing, and thus evaded the person she most dreaded on earth.

Still many persons lingered, singly and in groups, around the vast amphitheatre, from which the green turf was half trodden away. Among them were two old women and the young girl, who had lavished all her flowers at the feet of the queen. The girl was sitting quietly in her seat, looking depressed and rather sad; something, or, perhaps, some person whom she expected to see, had evidently disappointed her, and she was still reluctant to go, probably from the fact that some little hope still lay unquenched in her innocent bosom.

The two women, Dame Tillery, of Versailles, and Dame Doudel, were discussing some point with great earnestness.

"If you must go, sister, why, of course, I will walk with you as far as the donkey-cart—it were unsisterly to let you set forth alone. But Adela is tired, you can see that by her face, poor thing! Let her rest here till I come back."

Dame Tillery, whose generous proportions had spread and bloomed into more pompous splendor since the reader first made her acquaintance, consented to this arrangement, and taking that fair young face between both her hands, kissed it with unctuous tenderness.

"Be a good child, my dear, and never forget what aunt Tillery has done for you. Thousands of people saw her majesty smile upon you from her throne this day, and put the flowers you gave into her own bosom; but they did not know that it was because the person understood to be your aunt, once had the honor of saving her majesty from a terrible death, and has since been honored by a place in the royal household. No doubt, child, when her majesty took your flowers, she remembered the golden butter these hands have prepared for her table. But I am talking here when every hour is precious, if I expect to reach home before nightfall. Come, sister Doudel, I would gladly stay, but some of these deputations will be making their way through Versailles; and since the court came to Paris, the Swan has lost so much of its custom that one must look sharply lest strangers pass its door. Do not be afraid, little one, my sister will soon return."

Dame Doudel had been waiting some minutes for this harangue to be completed, and the moment her pompous sister paused for breath, she moved away, leaving Adela quite alone.

The moment this young girl felt herself safe from observation, she gave way to the feeling of sad disappointment that had been slowly settling around her during the last half-hour. One sweet hope had haunted her ever since she left home that day. She might see that one being who had become all the world to her. Weeks had passed, and all that time he seemed to have disappeared out of her life. She had

haunted the ruins of the Bastile, persuading herself, poor child, that it was to comfort that old man who still clung to his ruined cell there, but all the time of her sweet ministrations, she had listened for that footstep among the stones, and listened in vain. Then she would go home sadly, with tears in her eyes, creep up to her little room, and think herself grieving over the forlorn condition of that good old man to whom liberty had been given when it was only a burden.

If Adela went out in the morning with her sweet merchandise of flowers, for an hour or so, her step would be elastic, and her eyes bright with hope. When a stranger spoke to her quickly, she would start and catch her breath, thinking for an instant that it was his voice, for in that unexpected way he had often addressed her. But when the hours wore on, a gentle sadness crept over her childlike features, and she would turn homeward with a weight upon her heart, wondering if any one on this earth was ever so unhappy before.

Adela had seen Mirabeau once or twice, and trusted him entirely, because he was a friend of the royal family, which it was a part of her religion to reverence. Besides, his age, compared to her youth, seemed that of an old man, and he had never shocked her by any attempt to lessen the distance between them. At this time Mirabeau was occupied both in his imagination and his ambition by the influence he had gained, with so much trouble, over the queen. His indomitable vanity had writhed under her haughty disregard of himself and his power so long, that to win a conquest over her dislike, inspired all his hopes, and rekindled his waning genius. To him Adela was only a pretty messenger, whose sweetness and beauty seemed a fitting link between himself and the only woman who had ever presumed to scorn him.

Adela had delivered Mirabeau's note to the queen thinking only of her, and after that broke away from her companions, for she had no heart for those graceful dances and gay songs. In all that bright assembly he had not appeared. "Was he dead? Had he forgotten her? Would they never, never meet again?"

As she asked herself these questions her head drooped, her hands clasped themselves in her lap, and tears dropped slowly from her eyes. She did not restrain them; her adopted aunts were gone, and there was no one else who cared to regard her; at least the freedom of grief was hers.

"Adela!"

The young creature started with a faint shriek—that voice came so suddenly upon her. Then her face sparkled with smiles, and lifting her eyes, she said, in her girlish emotion,

"Oh, monsieur! how you frightened me!"

That man had seen the girl before him leave the house of Count Mirabeau, the most profligate man in Paris, alone, and after nightfall. He knew that some mysterious link drew those two people together, yet, looking in that face so fair, dimpling with smiles, bright with sudden joy, how could he think ill of her. The suspicions that had haunted him for weeks, now seemed like poisonous reptiles which it was a relief to trample under foot.

"Adela, are you glad to see your friend again?"

A grave, sweet sadness chased the smiles from that sensitive mouth. Those eyes, in all their innocent blue, were turned upon him reproachfully.

"Ah, monsieur! why have you never asked before?"

"I have been very, very busy, little one."

"It is not I so much," answered the girl, with an innocent attempt to screen the secret trobbing, like a pulse, in her heart, "but the old prisoner, who loves you so. Night after night you have left him alone—and it is so desolate there."

The young man smiled; like a bird which betrays the nest it would protect by its fluttering, Adela had revealed the fact that she had still kept true to the old haunt, and waited for him there, perhaps, unconscious that she was doing so.

"I will not leave him so long again—you must beg him to pardon me. But first, Adela, can you forgive me yourself?"

Adela shook her head, and her lips began to quiver.

"It was very, very wrong to leave the poor old prisoner so many weeks; the thought of it makes me sad."

"But you went to see him every day," said the young man, thirsting to hear the fact from her own lips.

"Yes; but then I am only a girl, you know—he is old and feeble. To lead him is the work of a strong, brave man. Ah! he missed you, monsieur! You and I are the only persons who have his secret. We must be very, very good to him."

The young man sat down on the turf seat close by the girl, and looking earnestly in her face, asked a question he almost scorned himself for framing.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, dresses for children, etc., etc., having, in our two preceding numbers, given dresses, in great variety, for ladies.

Here is a dress for a little girl of ten years old. This dress is of claret-colored merino or poplin, at one dollar and twenty-five to one

dollar and fifty cents per yard: the merino being much the widest. The under-skirt is cut perfectly plain, no gores, and laid in single plaits all round the waist sufficiently deep to preserve the appearance of plaiting at the bottom of the skirt, where every plait is tacked down to the deep facing underneath, or the skirt may be lined through entirely with muslin of the same color: the latter is the better plan. The bodice is plain and high, with bretelles, coat-sleeves, and the upper-skirt is simply gored in front and full at the back, being looped at the sides with a rosette of the material. A long, double box-plaited spencer is added at the back in place of the sash-belt and rosettes, both back and front. Six yards of merino, or eight of poplin, will be required.

Next, we give (the illustration being in the front of the number) a Knickerbocker suit for a little boy of eight years of gray cassimere, trimmed with black braid and buttons: striped or plaid stockings look best with these suits. In this one the jacket is cut open at the throat and turned back over a vest of the same material; but to our taste those closed at the throat and the linen collar over, are much the prettiest. There is no change in the cut of the Knickerbockers, only that the latest style is to be open just below the knee, instead of gathered in with elastic, as they used to be worn.

Next, we give (this illustration also being in the front of the number) a walking-dress for a little girl of ten years. Poplins, merino, or plaids, are the most suitable material for dresses for little girls. This suit is of bright blue poplin, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. It consists of an under-skirt, trimmed with a flounce four inches on the edge, above which are three rows of velvet ribbon, headed by a quilling of the poplin, made to stand up. The apron front of the upper-skirt is merely the trimming put on to the under-skirt to simulate the apron form; then there is a rounded skirt, not very full, and not looped at the back, trimmed, of course, to match. The jacket is cut in the loose basque form, double-breasted, and turned back in front and worn over a plaited inside body; and ten yards of poplin, or seven yards of merino, will be required to make this dress. Much less will be needed if the quillings are dispensed with, as they are double and require so much material. The suit would be very pretty without them, substituting a narrower flounce for the apron and upper-skirt.

We give, now, a costume for a young Miss of twelve years. This costume is composed of

dark and light mohair. The dress, with plain, high bodice and long sleeves, is dark-gray: it is trimmed with bands of black velvet ribbon. The tunic, with low, square bodice and bretelles, and a short skirt open in front and at the sides, is of light gray, and is trimmed all round with a ruffle put on in box-plaits, headed with one row of velvet. The skirt is looped up on each side with a bow of black velvet. The cape, which accompanies the costume, is of the light-gray mohair, trimmed to match the tunic. Five yards of the dark mohair, and five yards of the light, with two pieces of velvet ribbon, will be required for this costume. It would be well to line the cape with twilled red flannel, making it the warmer for the cool days in November. Mohair can be bought for about seventy-five cents per yard, good quality: finer ones at one dollar and one dollar and

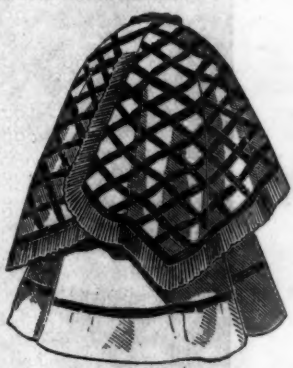
twenty-five cents per yard. Merinoes, which are double width, from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per yard, and would only require four yards of each shade, and wear much better than the mohair.

Next we give a jacket with embroidered trimmings. (The illustrations are in the front of the number.) This little jacket is suitable for children from two to three years of age. It may be made of flannel, cashmere, or cloth, and the embroidered rosette, which we have also engraved and put in the front of the number, on a pinked out band of cashmere, is the only trimming required. These rosettes are worked in silk or wool, and should be well raised by stuffing them well before working. A few knot-stitches ornament the center of each rosette.

We give, next, two jackets of light cassimere. (The illustrations of these are also in the front of the number.) The first is of light cassimere, white ground, with narrow black stripes. A simple sacque, only slashed up as far as the waist at the back, on the hips, and once again on each front, making equal squares all round. These are trimmed with a ruffle of the same, cut on the bias, and stitched with the machine, headed by a narrow bias band of the same stitches on both sides; slightly open sleeves. Very nice for early fall wear.

The second of these jackets is of cassimere, light ground, with tiny dots or little chene pattern, cut in a loose sacque and belted in at the waist. Coat-sleeves, trimmed with a ruffle of the same from three to four inches in depth, and cut on the bias, headed with a narrow, black velvet ribbon. Two yards of material will cut either of these sacques.

We give, now, two engravings, one of the front and the other of the back of a circular flannel cloak for a girl of ten. This circular cloak is made of black and white checked flannel, and trimmed with black and white woolen fringe. It is cut so as to form two points at the back, and one flap sewn down the center simulates a burnous hood. Fastens in front with double velvet buttons.



In the front of the number, we also give an engraving of a cap, called the Rosette Cap. This cap will be very suitable for a dress cap, either for dinner or small evening-party for ladies, who are accustomed to wearing some sort of head-dress. Being very simple, almost any lady can make it for herself. A small piece of foundation lace, cut round, on which

some blond trimming lace is gathered pretty full, two rows, then dispose of some loops of black velvet ribbon an inch and a half broad, on which add a small rosette of narrow lace. Two long loops of the velvet, graduating with small rosettes, fall over the hair at the back: also two floating ends of the lace sewn together are added at both sides. Four yards of the wide blond lace will be required, and five yards of the narrower width, with three yards of velvet ribbon, costing, in the whole, about two hundred dollars, for what a fashionable milliner would charge five hundred dollars at the lowest price.

On the same page, in the front of the number, we give an engraving of a white body and tunic. This evening costume is made of muslin and lace, with braces made by a ribbon ruche bordered on each side by a narrow lace. This ruche is rounded on both sides and behind, where it is fastened by two ribbon bows; a deep lace round the puff. Where ladies have the lace on hand, (as many have,) this tunic and body can be made up at very little cost.

We close with two illustrations of cuffs. The first is of stitched linen, with a band and stitched folds at the upper part, and a frill of muslin finely plaited round the edge. The other is formed of rows of waved crochet and braid: the edges being finished with crochet.

MAT FOR WATER-BOTTLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Leather canvas, black ribbon velvet, narrowest width, thick, dark-red, blue, and green chenille, medium-sized gold cord, Turkish silk border, with blue woven fringe one inch wide.

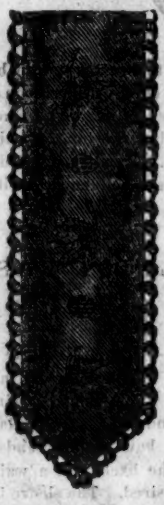
The foundation is seven inches square and

worked in loose stitches; the inner square is of narrow black ribbon velvet, stitched over with gold cord. The three chenille stitches are graduated in length; the middle one is blue, one of the others is green, the other red. Four stitches, arranged crosswise, of blue chenille, form the under layer of each corner star: their length may be seen by counting the holes in the canvas; then follow two red stitches crossing each other, two of green also crossed and joined on between the blue. The silk border must correspond with the chenille: the fringe is blue.

WRITING-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This port-folio consists of a piece of thin American cloth, either black or brown. It is thirteen inches high, and nineteen inches broad, and is bound all round with very fine



braid. It will require a foundation of cardboard, and a black or colored lining.

According to our model, the two straps consist of two bands of sarcenet ribbon, one inch broad, ornamented all round with wide button-hole stitch, and along the middle with separate chain-stitch, leaves in colored purse silk, (see No. 2, or the other pattern, represented in No. 8,) firmly fastened only where the ribbon meets,

so that the port-folio may be turned back for writing, and one side laid underneath. The initials are worked to correspond with the rest of the ornamentation. The double edges are sewn over on the right side at the top and bottom.

WORK-BAG, IN MOSAIC PATCHWORK

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

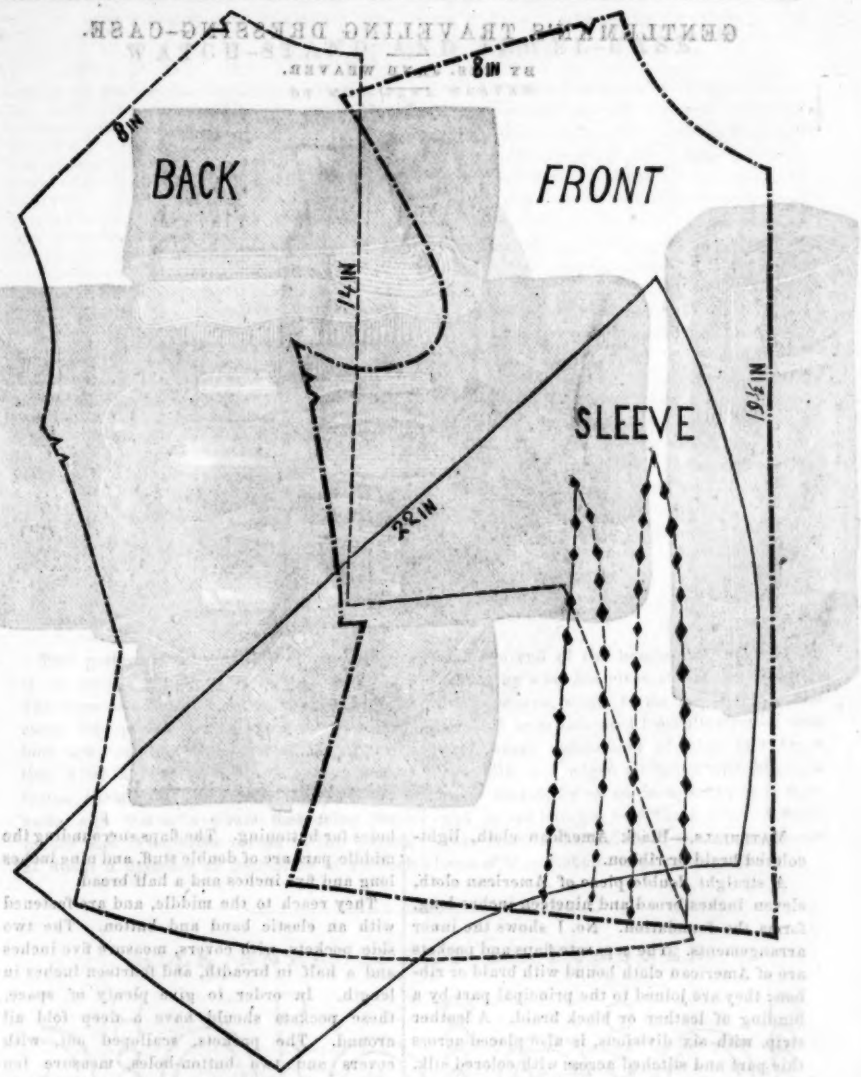
MATERIALS.—Some bits of black velvet, various colored silk chenille cord, or narrow satin ribbon.

Our model is composed of squares of cardboard, covered with velvet and silk, and put together as seen in the design, forming a round (or nearly round) bag. Where the four squares are joined, the seams are to be covered with the chenille cord, or the ribbon quilled. Leave the bag open at the top. One piece of four blocks making the top, on which place a loop of the cord. Handles of cord finish the bag. The inside is to be furnished with a loose lining of silk.

HIGH BODICE WITH POSTILLION BASQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

IN the front of the number, we give an engraving of a very beautiful, new, and stylish dress, for out-of-door wear: a high bodice, with what is called a Postillion Basque. We add here a diagram, so that ladies can make it for themselves. The pattern consists, it will be seen, of three pieces—front, back, and sleeve. The front has two plaits or darts marked on the paper with small holes. It forms a square basque, that is left open under the arm, and the trimming is carried to the waist. The back has a join down the center, and no side-pieces; this is the new style, as it enables the basque to be cut in one piece with the bodice. The seam or join terminates at the waist, and the basque is plaited to form the *postillon;* a bow without ends decorates the center of the back, and a waistband may be added, if desired. The sleeve is of the pagoda form. The skirt is the newest style, being cut narrower than formerly on account of the quantity of trimming, which is so great as not to necessitate a tunic when a basque is added to the bodice.



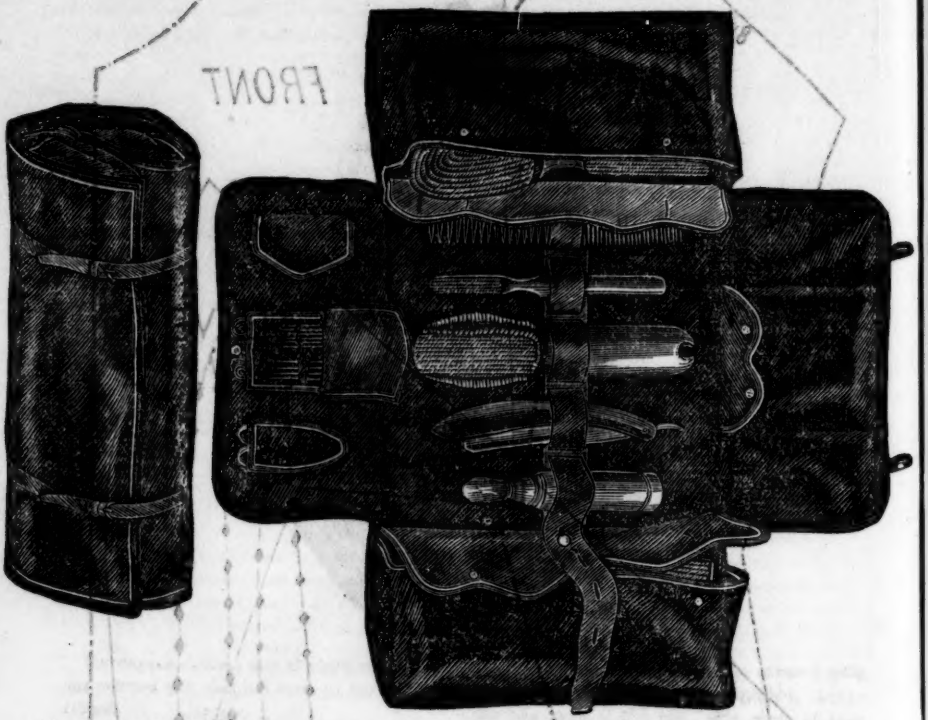
THE POMPADOUR BOW SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a colored pattern of a new and stylish ladies' slipper. It is called the Pompadour Bow Slipper, and is worked, as will be seen, in Berlin wool and beads. No description is needed. The cross-lines, it is hardly necessary to say, represent the threads of the canvas on which the slipper is to be worked.

GENTLEMAN'S TRAVELING DRESSING-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

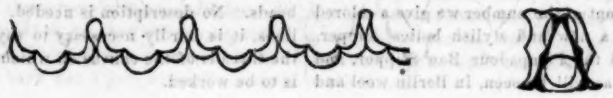


MATERIALS.—Black American cloth, light-colored braid or ribbon.

A straight double piece of American cloth, eleven inches broad and nineteen inches long, forms the foundation. No. 1 shows the inner arrangements. The separate flaps and pockets are of American cloth bound with braid or ribbon; they are joined to the principal part by a binding of leather or black braid. A leather strip, with six divisions, is also placed across this part and stitched across with colored silk. Through these incisions a leather strap, sixteen inches long and one inch broad, sloped off at one end, is placed. The other end has slits and holes for buttoning. The flaps surrounding the middle part are of double stuff, and nine inches long and five inches and a half broad.

They reach to the middle, and are fastened with an elastic band and button. The two side pockets, with covers, measure five inches and a half in breadth, and fourteen inches in length. In order to give plenty of space, these pockets should have a deep fold all around. The pockets, scalloped out, with covers and two button-holes, measure ten inches in length and two inches and a half in breadth. The case is closed with two straps and buckles.

EMBROIDERY. MONOGRAM.

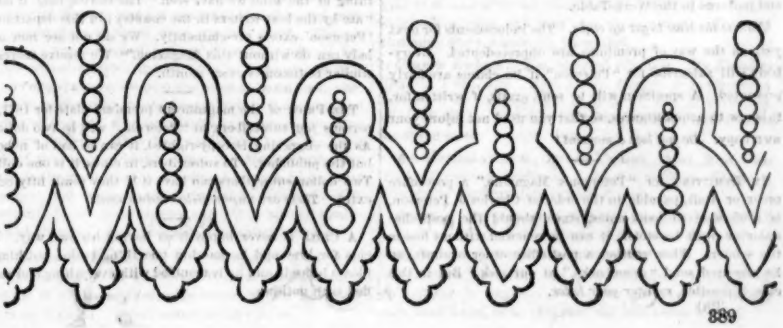


WATCH-STAND AND JEWEL-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pattern is suitable for two purposes: it is at once a watch-stand and a jewel-case. The frame consists of black varnished bamboo-cane. Two pieces of cane, about twelve inches, long are bent in the manner seen in illustration, after having been placed in hot water; fasten them together at the top with small nails, and fasten a circle measuring three inches and three-fifths across at the bottom, at about a distance of four-fifths of an inch from the end of the bamboo. This circle is covered by a square piece of Java canvas four inches square, which forms the bottom of the case. It is ornamented from illustration with point Russe embroidery of blue and black purse-silk, and edged all round with blue silk fringe four-fifths of an inch wide; it is fastened on the bamboo with black silk. A small brass hook in the middle of the top, and some bows of blue ribbon complete the stand.

SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1871.—We call attention to the Prospectus to be found on the last page of the cover. *It* is now conceded everywhere that "Peterson" *gives more, for the money*, than any other lady's book, and is, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the times.* Other periodicals, similar in character and quality, charge three or four dollars a year, where we charge only two. Our club rates are equally low. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any monthly in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these rates; for we find by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. Our fashions are sent out to us, from Paris, by special arrangement, *in advance of all other magazines.* Others of the lady's books continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. *Our patterns, too, are always the most stylish and beautiful.* Ladies, who have been abroad, all say this. We ask a comparison, in this matter, with other magazines. To dress with taste, yet economically, is what ladies learn from "Peterson." Our monthly articles, "Every-Day Dresses, etc., are invaluable in this respect.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1871, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found in other magazines. The best of our contributors write exclusively for us. We *pay more for literary matter than all the rest* of the ladies' magazines together. We believe we have made "Peterson" the best thing of its kind; and we are determined to keep it so, no matter at what cost.

Our colored patterns in Berlin work are a speciality of "Peterson." No other magazine gives these, in every number, as we do, and never gives such superb ones as that in this number, and in others to follow. Our patterns in embroidery, braiding, crochet, knitting, etc., etc., are worth two dollars a year alone. Every lady can save five times that sum by taking "Peterson," and using the suggestions and patterns in the Work-Table.

Now is the time to get up clubs. The inducements for next year, in the way of premiums, are unprecedented. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson" if its claims are fairly presented. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Do not lose a moment!*

IN REMITTING for "Peterson's Magazine," a post-office order or draft, payable to the order of Charles J. Peterson, is preferable to bank-notes, since, should the post-office order or draft be stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender. When neither a post-office order or draft can be procured, send "greenbacks," at our risk. But in this case, if possible, *register your letter.*

ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.—Flowers may be arranged either according to the harmony or contrast of colors. Red harmonizes with orange, orange with yellow, violet with red, indigo with violet, blue with indigo, and green with blue. Green is the contrast of red, sky-blue to orange, yellow to violet, blue to orange-red, indigo to orange-yellow, and violet to bluish-green. To find the contrast to any flower, cut a small circular piece out of one of its petals, place it upon white paper, look at it steadily with one eye for a few seconds, without letting the eyelids close, then look from the colored circle to another part of the white paper, when a circle of another color will be apparent. This color is the true contrast or complementary color. Tastes differ as to whether the effect of arranging the flowers, according to contrast or complementary color, is more pleasing to the eye than according to harmonies. The former, however, is the most in favor. To carry it out, a blue flower should be placed next an orange flower, a yellow near a violet, and a red or a white should have plenty of foliage around it. White contrasts with blue or orange, or still better with red or pink, but not with yellow or violet. On another page we give an article on bouquet making, which every lady is interested in. The December number will contain the conclusion of the article.

WOMAN'S WORK AND MAN'S WORK.—A late writer has well said that there is one difference between a man and his wife in almost every household, which the woman expresses when she says:—"A woman's work is never done." A man works six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day; but when he is done he is done. The rest of his time is holiday; he may eat, sleep, read a novel, do what he chooses; but his hard labor has, at any rate, rescued that much of his day. Let him now consider his wife's life. She has not toiled in the sun, she has not been worried by bores or creditors, or business cares or losses; but she has been busy, and for the most part with employments very distasteful to intelligent human beings. Her husband has completed his tasks for the day; are hers done? Has she also won a holiday? Does her day's work end with his? Not at all. Petty cares follow her all over the house; the cook, the baby, to-morrow's breakfast, the stockings to mend, or the dress for next Sunday, engage her, while he sits and smokes, and reads the evening paper, or, perhaps, goes out to his club.

THE COLORED STEEL FASHION-PLATES in this Magazine are everywhere pronounced the best of their kind. Says the Lyons (N. Y.) Press, "that in the last number excels anything of the kind we have seen. The stories, too," it adds, "are by the best writers in the country: in this department 'Peterson' excels pre-eminently. We do not see how any lady can do without this Magazine." We receive scores of similar testimonies every month.

THE PRICE of the magnificent premium plate for 1871, to persons not subscribers to "Peterson," will be two dollars. As the engraving is copy-righted, it can be had of nobody but the publisher. To subscribers, in clubs, it is one dollar. Two dollar subscribers can have it if they remit fifty cents extra. *These are unparalleled inducements.*

A CHILD is never happy from having his own way. Decide for him and he has but one thing to do; put him to please himself, and he is troubled with everything and satisfied with nothing.

NEW AND MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM ENGRAVING.—Our premium engraving for 1871 will be something unprecedented in the magazine world. Not only has it been engraved expressly for us, but it has been engraved from an original picture, painted by the well-known artist, Edward L. Henry, for the publisher of this Magazine. The subject is "Washington at the Battle of Trenton." The point of time chosen is when the attack began. Few incidents of American history have been illustrated with so much spirit. All the accessories and details are accurate. It is the gray of the morning, the sleet is falling, the wind wails through the bare trees. The Hessians, taken by surprise, are rushing from the houses, and while some unlimber the guns, others try to make a stand with muskets. But the brave Continentals are too quick for them. They are seen, almost at a run, following close after the American artillery, while Washington points forward and gives the word of command. History tells the rest. The Hessians fired one piece, tried to form, broke, ran—and the victory was won. Every family, in the United States, ought to have this engraving. *A copy can be secured gratis by getting up a club for "Peterson."* You need not hesitate to assure your friends that nowhere else will they get as much for their money. Everybody should take "Peterson," no matter what other magazine they take.

A CHEERFUL FACE.—There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good-humor. As well might fog and vapor hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful, always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner, in the presence of a determined cheerfulness.

OUR NOVELETS for next year will, we think, more than sustain the reputation of this Magazine. On this point, the Owatonna (Minnesota) Journal says:—"For the variety and excellence of its stories 'Peterson' beats the world."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Iliad of Homer. Translated into English Blank Verse. By William Cullen Bryant. Vol. I. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.—We have here one of the few English versions of the Iliad that will live. Mr. Bryant not only has the true appreciation of the work of a translator, but he possesses also several exceptional qualifications for that work. He is faithful, in the first place; he has more than ordinary scholarship; he has the simplicity that is indispensable in a translator of Homer; and his command of metre, and especially his mastery of blank verse, are very great. There is little or no appearance of constraint in his lines: it has few inversions of style: indeed, it is so finished and easy that one might almost suppose the poem to be original. Mr. Bryant is particularly happy in rendering the compound epithets of Homer. The translation is a better one even than Lord Derby's. That has, heretofore, been the most simple of the many in blank verse; but Mr. Bryant's long practice in the manipulation of metres has given him a great advantage; and the consequence is that he comes closer to the original in his construction, and yet is always intelligible and graceful. The volume is handsomely printed.

The Genial Showman. By E. P. Hingston. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—These are reminiscences of the life of Artemus Ward, with whose humor all of our readers are familiar. A very entertaining volume.

The New Timothy. By William M. Baker. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—An American novel, which is not an imitation of an English one, but a faithful attempt to describe American life, is a positive gain to literature. To this class belong "My Daughter Elinor," "Miss Van Kortland," and the story now before us. The two first are by an anonymous author, but one who, it is evident, has seen more or less of the fashionable society which he essays to describe. They have, therefore, apart from any artistic skill in their treatment, the merit of an attempt, at the least, to follow nature. The last, which we have just received, is an effort to pourtray the new school of clergymen, half Christian, half muscular, typified, in England, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, and represented, in this country, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and others. It is a very excellent story, not a bit of a caricature, and deserves a large sale.

Camors. By Octave Feuillet. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—What the novel of Pelham was to English life, Camors is to French. It is by the author of that charming prose idyl, "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." But it is utterly unlike that story. Never was the rottenness and hollowness of a certain part of French society more thoroughly exposed than in the pages of this fiction. It explains much that has happened lately. When Camors first appeared in Paris, it created an immense sensation. The volume is a handsome octavo.

Sylvia. By Julia Kavanagh. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—Miss Kavanagh's novels are always good. Their principal fault, for even the best of fictions have faults, is that the heroines are too much alike. Sylvia, in some respects, reminds us of Nathalie, and in others of Dora, but she is, nevertheless, a charming, sympathetic character, and gives tone to the whole book.

The Princes of Art. Translated from the French, by Mrs. S. R. Urbino. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A very excellent popular work on the great architects, sculptors, painters, and engravers. It furnishes all the information necessary for ordinary conversation, and is written in an agreeable style. Like all the publications of this house, it is handsomely printed and bound.

The United States Internal Revenue and Tariff Law of July 13th, 1870. Compiled by H. E. Dresser. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a summary, not only of the recent revenue law, but also of all of the laws relating to internal taxes.

True to Herself. By F. N. Robinson. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A cheap edition of one of the latest of the London novels. The author has written "Stern Necessity," "Carry's Confession," etc., etc. He is a second-rate novelist, and this is hardly up to his average.

The Old Countess. From the German of E. Hofer. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—We are always glad to see one of the books of this house, for they are invariably well printed, and they also repay perusal. This is a charming story, admirably translated.

Charles Dickens: The Story of His Life. By Theodore Taylor. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A reprint of an English Life of Dickens, full of anecdotes, many of them entirely new. The book is remarkable for its excellent taste.

Recollections of Eton. By An Etonian. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Agreeable reading. The book is capitally illustrated by Sydney P. Hall.

Veronica. By the author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—An excellent story, the moral of which is quite praiseworthy.

The Three Brothers. By Mrs. Oliphant, 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This author always writes well, even when, as in this case, she falls below herself.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL. D. Publishers: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The New York Weekly says of this work:—"Dr. Mackenzie has produced the most enjoyable book of the season—a book written with a genial appreciation of the aims, and struggles, and successes of the subject of the biography. The book is not a dry detail of Charles Dickens' every-day habits—it does not dwell with tedious prolixity upon his eating and drinking, his working and resting; but it makes the kind-hearted man, the gifted genius familiar to us as an intimate friend by anecdotes of his goodness, of his happy humor and genuine manliness; by telling us what suggested some of his most familiar characters, and illustrating his views by citations from his novels, speeches, and letters. Our readers who wish to know Dickens thoroughly, should get Dr. Mackenzie's life of him. It shows in the pleasantest way how good, and kind, and generous he was; how he detested 'shams,' and shielded the oppressed; how he sympathized with weakness, whether of the mind, or will, or body; how pure, and true, and manly a life he led; what he did for the people; what reforms he accomplished with his pen; and how he never wrote a line 'which the most scrupulous parent, the most tender husband, the most sensitive lover, the most fastidious guardian could desire to keep back from the eye of maidenhood or womanhood.' This Life of Charles Dickens has attached to it many uncollected tales in prose and verse, which will be new to most of Dickens' admirers; it has also his last will and testament, with the funeral services, and the eloquent funeral sermon of Dean Stanley. It also contains a Portrait of Charles Dickens, taken from a photograph, for which he sat a few days prior to his death; as well as his Autograph. The whole is issued in a large duodecimo volume, bound in Green, Red, or Blue Morocco Cloth, gilt side and back. Price Two Dollars."

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To whom all orders, and all letters from Canvassers, for any information in regard to the above work, as regards wholesale prices, and everything else, must be addressed.

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING.—We have now before us a circular published by the Sea-Moss Farine Co., which we advise every one who takes an interest in the food question to read. It describes, concisely, the origin and uses of the edible Sea-Moss Farine, and presents an array of scientific and other testimony in its favor, which can hardly fail to convince the most skeptical of its paramount claims as an economic, wholesome, digestible, eminently nutritious, and very pleasant addition to the national *caste*. This, at least, is the conclusion at which many of the most eminent hotel keepers, artistic cooks, physicians, chemists, merchants, etc., of New York, have arrived, and they state their opinions on the subject over their own signatures, in the pamphlet to which we allude.

TO THE LADIES.—M. Budlong says:—"I have used one of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing-Machines (No. 2,702) nearly fourteen years, making cloaks for the last eleven years, and doing all other kinds of sewing down to book muslin. It is now in perfect order, has never had any repairs, and I have not broken a needle since I can remember. I appreciate my machine more and more every day, and would not exchange it for any machine that I know."

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL, we have reason to believe, is a good and safe substitute for kerosene, the use of which leads to so many terrible accidents. Pratt's oil is a derivative of Petroleum, produced by a new and improved process of manufacture.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—No other lady's magazine receives such commendatory notices from the newspapers as this. Says the Black River Falls (Wis.) Banner:—"It is a wonder to us how so excellent a periodical can be published at so low a price, and especially how it can go on improving, as it does; but the explanation, we suppose, is in its vast circulation, which is the largest, we believe, in the United States. *Every family* ought to take this Magazine." Says the Manning (S. C.) Press:—"It has more, and far the best, reading, for the price, of any other magazine." Says the Jonesboro' (Tenn.) Flag:—"This is the most valuable of all the Ladies' Magazines. Its picture and fashion-plates are superb. Every lady in the land should subscribe." Says the Newport (R. I.) News:—"One of the most valuable articles is 'Every-Day Dresses,' illustrated with engravings, showing how stylish and fashionable dresses may be made at home and economically. 'Peterson's' is the only Magazine that gives these articles, and one appears every month." Says the Liberty Herald:—"The cheapest and best of all the magazines of its class." Says the Augusta Sentinel:—"The fine engravings and fashion-plates cannot be surpassed." We receive, every month, hundreds of similar notices. As newspaper editors generally see all the magazines, and are able to compare them, one with the other, such testimony as to the superiority of "Peterson" is invaluable.

BOUQUET MAKING.

A DRIFT OF POPULAR TASTE in the right direction having decreed that no table, whether in the dining-room, hall, or drawing-room, is completely decorated without the presence of flowers in some form or other, it behooves us to give attention to floral decorations; and barren, indeed, must be the field, and poor the garden, which cannot supply at all seasons of the year something wherewith to make a bouquet.

In the first place, with regard to vases. The selection of every receptacle of flowers should be in keeping with the situation they are designed to occupy. Thus terra-cotta and majolica ware are most suitable to the entrance-hall and stair-cases of houses, the dark colors and massive forms generally adopted for articles of the above manufacture being in accordance with the usual surroundings of such places. The point to be chiefly aimed at in floral decorations of approaches of the above kind is a striking and pleasing effect, for the simple reason that people are not usually supposed to linger to admire flowers on their way to the principal apartments of a residence. Flowers, therefore, that would be inadmissible elsewhere, may be turned to very useful account in places where only a passing glance may be bestowed.

In the absence of many flowers, well-assorted foliage may be used with good effect in halls and stair-cases. In the spring we have observed evergreens, relieved here and there with peony buds, producing a very handsome appearance. Again, pink and white May, sprays of lilac and laburnum, are never more appropriately placed than in the situations alluded to. In the making up of these bouquets, it is advisable not to introduce too many colors. Rather than commit this error, it is better to restrict your choice to one or two flowers. Flowers and shrubs that exhale a strong perfume should be kept exclusively for hall and stair-case decorations.

Bouquets for the dining-table may be many or few, according to the taste of the hostess. In any case, proportion to the size of the table should be the first consideration. A center-piece for the table, composed of flowers, should leave room for one dish to be placed on either side of it, without interfering with the comfort of the diner. The same rule should be observed with regard to bouquets for the corners of the table, now almost as much in vogue as the conventional table-piece itself. Corner bouquets should be only slightly raised above the table, and the flowers should be

compactly arranged. Specimen glasses, containing single flowers, as perfect of their kind as their name implies, are very much in use. Dispersed about the table, they afford a charming effect. The only thing is to avoid overcrowding by their presence, bearing in mind that whatever interferes with the comfort of guests is out of place.

The prevailing style in center-pieces is extreme lightness; massive clusters of flowers, vines, and shrubs growing in pots, are not in general favor. People have discovered that such ornaments are a hindrance to conversation—the very life of the social meal *par excellence*.

Glass is the most suitable substance of which an epergne, or center-piece, can be composed; white is preferable to any color, because the shades or Bohemian glass, however beautiful in themselves, are invariably inharmonious with the mingled hues of a bouquet. A plain white glass epergne, with branches attached to the stem, is in the latest taste. The branches may be either furnished with one or more kinds of flowers.

The base of a center-piece designed to contain flowers should be filled with wet sand. The reason is, that the sand not only preserves the flowers for a considerable time, but enables them to be arranged with a greater degree of precision than could otherwise be effected. The latter suggestion is made in the idea that some formal placing of the flowers will be observed at the base of the epergne, as is now the fashion. Roses look well if carefully selected; the roses should become smaller in size and paler in tint as they approach the stem. China asters, subject to the same rule, are also very useful; and even variegated leaves, if well assorted and without the addition of any flowers whatever, are exceedingly effective. In fact, foliage of one kind or another, especially of plants of the fern tribe, is never more appropriately placed than at the base of an epergne. The points of the fern-leaves should be allowed to just touch the table-cloth.

Nothing is better adapted to give an appearance of lightness to the grouping of flowers than single blades of grass. Our fields are rich in treasures of the kind; the common "Quaker grass," is, perhaps, the most useful. Amongst the cultivated grasses, those which are grown in many gardens to conceal the unsightly corners of fences, etc., are invaluable; the tussock grass may be named as an example; if you have such a grass within reach, you will find it an admirable finish to the base of an epergne. You should take as many blades of the grass as will suffice to surround the stem. The blades should be cut of every length. Having placed the broadest ends into the wet sand, you should fasten the blades midway up the stem of the epergne, by tying with a piece of the same grass, leaving the tops to overhang in a palm-like manner.

The summit of an epergne is usually composed of a saucer-like receptacle for flowers, surmounted by a vase; around the edges of the former should be placed ferns or plants that are of a drooping nature. As sand is not admissible in the upper part of a glass epergne, the stalks of the pendant flowers must be kept in the desired position by being covered with small pebbles. Fuchsias form an excellent illustration of the kind of flower to introduce round the edge of the upper tray or saucer of the epergne. All the pendant branches should be of the same length, and should be placed at regular distances apart. Sprigs of other kinds of foliage are best suited to fill up the intervening spaces.

The work of filling-in the top of the epergne may then be proceeded with, the bouquet-maker taking care that, as she approaches the summit, the choicest flowers, and those of the lightest nature should be used, for the last or crowning effect.

Flowers for drawing-room decoration cannot be too choice. As far as it is practicable, each flower should be seen in its full perfection, not ruthlessly stripped of its leaves and buds, as is too often the practice in making bouquets. For this purpose the smaller the vases, and the greater the number of them, the better.

Some epergnes are now made of enameled metal and zinc, for table and dining-room purposes, in which the flowers may be literally grown. When filled with lycopodium these are very useful, and form the basis of an endless variety, according to the succession of bloom to be culled from the garden or conservatory. All the taste necessary to be exercised with the above foundation, is to assort the flowers in harmonizing tints—not to put pink and red, for instance, in contrast with blue and mauve. The flowers introduced in the lycopodium must be stripped of their leaves, to avoid unnecessary displacement of the lycopodium.

Before quitting the subject of hall and table decoration, we must not omit to mention the valuable addition berries and fruit afford. In the fall of the year, when flowers are scarce, and not to be had save from the conservatory, our hedges and woodlands are rich in suitable stores. With the exception, however, of the well-known red berry of the holly, little or no use is generally made of the beautiful berries which enliven our native foliage with jewel-like brilliancy. In November, for instance, when, except for these treasures, Nature's mantle would be of the saddest hue, the transparent red berries of the honeysuckle, the dark purple of the sloe, and the gorgeous scarlet bunches of the mountain-ash, sobered, if need be, by the purple-black berries of the common privet, are sufficient to create an embarrassment of choice perplexing to the most experienced bouquet-maker. The only objection to the more extensive use of berries for decorative purposes consists in a large number being of a poisonous nature. All are not so.

The arrangement of fruit, from the readiness with which the choice delicacies lend themselves to the work, is liable to be too hastily accomplished. Beautiful as grapes, apples, plums, peaches, and pines are, even as single specimens, their combination, with the aid of foliage, is capable of producing a tenfold amount of pleasure. Some accessory beyond the massive gorgeousness of the choicest kind of fruit is needful to heighten its intrinsic effect by mere force of contrast. Many kinds of foliage answer the purpose. Autumnal leaves, for example, may fitly be interspersed between shades of vivid green and bright scarlet; and russet apples, etc., and brown nuts on their branches, form a charming relief to most of the highly-colored fruits. The combination of flowers with fruit is rarely successful.

HORTICULTURAL.

GERANIUMS AND PELARGONIUMS—botanical distinctions of similar tribes—are raised from seed and propagated by cuttings. By the former new varieties are obtained; by the latter existing kinds are increased. To obtain plants from seed, only that from the best kinds should be employed.

Geranium-seed may be sown as soon as ripe, which is commonly at the end of the summer, or otherwise in the following spring. The soil used at first for the purpose should be very light—half loam, half sand, made moist before the sowing—and the pots well drained. When the young seedlings are large enough to deal with they should be pricked out, four or five in a pot, and grown on till of a sufficient size to be placed singly in three-inch pots. In winter these young plants should be kept comfortably warm and tolerably dry, and as the season advances potted on, till they come into bloom, which should commonly happen to spring-sown seedlings in the following year. The compost for the course ought to consist of one-half well-rotted loamy turves, one-fourth of cow manure rotted into mould, and one-fourth turfy peat. Sand should be added, if necessary, to preserve a free soil. Liberal drainage must be secured by small potsherds and knobs of charcoal, which should always form part of drainage material, from their antiseptic property. Cuttings are made from the branches of the

season's growth, taken after the plants have flowered. These should be cut smoothly below a joint, and always left a few hours for the wound to dry before being inserted. They should then be firmly placed in very sandy soil round the edges of pots, the bottom of each cutting touching the drainage or the sides of the pot. When the operation is completed, let the pots of cuttings be set in a cold frame or the green-house, shaded for a few days, moistened from time to time, gradually being treated more freely to air and light as the cuttings "callus." When thoroughly struck, they must be transferred to separate pots, and undergo similar progressive management to the young seedlings. Some cuttings may be struck at the end of summer in the open borders.

The process of dealing with the fuchsia is precisely similar to the above, both as to seeds and cuttings, but the earth may be of a more sandy character. Fuchsia cuttings will also strike readily in a close, warm atmosphere in saucers of moist sand; but trade propagators usually perform the operation of striking in a bed over heat, in which method three weeks or a month generally suffices to procure a free emission of roots; but the plants require growing on in a warm atmosphere, to be gradually reduced as they gain strength to the ordinary temperature of the green-house. They should be carefully hardened off, however, before being used for bedding or out-door purposes.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

FRUITS IN SEASON.—While grapes, and other autumn fruits are in season, eat as many as you can, provided you eat the ripe fruit. Of course, you must not eat to repletion. Remember, too, the old adage, that "fruit, eaten in the morning, is gold; at noon, is silver; at night, is lead." Nature has wisely given us fruits adapted to each season, and given them to us because they are proper to eat at such seasons. Physiological research has fully established the fact that acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system, thus preventing diseases of summer. All fevers are "bilious"—that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic of fever is "cooling;" and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood. Hence, the great yearning for greens, and lettuce, and salads, in the early spring—these being eaten with vinegar; hence also the taste for something sour, for lemonade, on an attack of fever. But this being the case, it is very easy to see that we nullify the good effects of fruit and berries, in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even with sweet milk or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is impossible to eat too many—to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. In the autumn, when "fall" fevers prevail, the autumn fruits are to be eaten. Remembering this, and eating with caution, you will save many a doctor's bill.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Roast Goose.—First of all, the seasoning to have ready. Peel four large onions, put them into boiling water, and let them simmer five minutes, or even longer, if you object to the strong raw flavor; also for a couple of minutes, let ten sage leaves lie in scalding water. Chop both onions and sage very small; add four ounces of bread-crumbs, one ounce of butter, part of the liver of the goose, slightly simmered and finely minced, salt and pepper at discretion, and then work all together with the yolk and white of an egg. Select a goose with a clean white skin, plump breast, and yellow feet—red feet show an old bird. If the weather permits, a few days hanging greatly improves the flavor. Having feathered, singed, drawn, and well washed and wiped your goose, cut off the neck close to the back, leaving enough skin to turn over. Truss it; make a hole in the skin sufficiently large to admit the seasoning, put it into the body of the goose, giving it space wherein to swell, under the action of the fire, and secure it firmly at both ends, by passing the end of the rump through the hole made in the skin, and tying down the skin of the neck to the back, by this means you will not lose the seasoning in cooking. Roast it before a brisk fire from one half to two hours, according to its size, keeping it well basted. Remove the skewers, and serve with gravy, and apple sauce, taking care that the breast does not fall before appearing at table. Send in but little gravy on the dish, in order not to inconvenience the carver, and that little pour round, and not over the goose. There is also a sauce much recommended by scientific cooks and gastronomic amateurs:—a teaspoonful of made mustard, a saltspoonful of fine salt, a few grains of Cayenne, mixed with a glass of port-wine, and poured into the goose by means of a slit made in the apron. Some cooks beat the breast-bone flat with a rolling-pin, before proceeding to truss.

To Pot Veal.—Cold fillet makes the finest potted veal, or it may be done as follows: Season a large slice of the fillet before it is dressed with some mace, peppercorns, and two or three cloves; lay it close into a potting-pan that will just hold it; fill it up with water, and bake it three hours; then pound it quite small in a mortar, and salt to taste; put a little gravy that was baked to it in pounding, if to be eaten soon, otherwise, only a little butter, just melted; when done, cover it over with butter.

Chicken and Ham Potted.—Season some pieces of chicken with mace, cloves, and pepper, and bake them for about three hours in a close-covered pan, with some water; then pound them quite small, moistening either with melted butter, or the liquor they were baked in. Pound also some ham, and put this with the chicken, in alternate layers, in potting-pans; press them down tight, and cover them with butter.

Veal Cutlets, Stewed.—Cut part of the neck into cutlets; shorten them, and fry them of a nice brown color; then stew them in some good gravy, thickened with a little flour, until tender; then add some catchup, Cayenne, salt, a few truffles, and some pickled mushrooms. Forcemeat-balls are a great improvement.

Rice Chicken-Pie.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with slices of broiled ham; cut up a broiled chicken and nearly fill the dish; add chopped onions, if you like, or a little curry-powder, which is better; then add boiled rice to fill up interstices, and to cover the top; bake for a half or three-quarters of an hour.

DESSERTS.

Macaroni-Pudding.—Simmer an ounce or two of the ripe macaroni in a pint of milk, and a bit of lemon and cinnamon, till tender; put it into a dish with milk, two or three eggs, but only one white, sugar, nutmeg, a spoonful of peach-water, and half a glass of raisin-wine. Bake with a paste round the edges. A layer of orange marmalade or raspberry-jam in a macaroni-pudding, for change, is a great improvement; in which case omit the almond-water ratafia, which you should otherwise flavor it with.

Candied Ginger.—Grate one ounce of ginger, and put it, with one pound of loaf-sugar, beaten fine, into a tossing-pan, with water to dissolve it. Stir well together over a slow fire till the sugar begins to boil; stir in another pound of sugar, beaten fine, and continue stirring it till it is thick. Then take it off the fire, drop it into cakes upon earthen dishes, set them in a warm place to dry; they will be hard and brittle, and look white.

Orange-Jelly.—Grate the rind of two Seville oranges and two lemons, squeeze the juice of three of each and strain, and add the juice of a quarter of a pound of lump-sugar and a quarter of a pint of water, and boil till it almost candies. Have ready a quart of isinglass-jelly made with two ounces; put to it the syrup and boil it once up; strain off the jelly, and let it stand to settle before it is put into the mould.

Fruits in Jelly.—Put half a pint of clear calves'-feet jelly, when stiff, into a bowl; lay in three peaches and a bunch of grapes, with the stalks upward. Put vine-leaves over, and fill up the bowl with jelly. Let it stand till the next day, and then set it to the brim in hot water. When it gives way from the basin, lay your dish over it, turn your jelly carefully out, and serve it to table.

Orange-Butter.—Boil six eggs hard, beat them in a mortar with two ounces of fine sugar, three ounces of butter, and two ounces of blanched almonds, beaten to a paste. Moisten with orange-flower water, and when all is mixed, rub it through a colander on the dish, and serve sweet biscuits between.

Lemon-Cream.—Take a pint of thick cream and put it to the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, four ounces of fine sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon; boil it up; then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and put the cream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

Lemon-Honeycomb.—Sweeten the juice of a lemon to taste, and pour it into the dish you serve it in; mix the white of an egg that is beaten with a pint of rich cream and a little sugar; whisk it, and as the froth rises put it on the lemon-juice. Do it the day before you wish to use it.

Conserve of Lemons or Oranges.—Grate the rind of a lemon or an orange into a saucer, squeeze the juice of the fruit over, and mix it well together with a spoon; then boil some sugar very high, mix it in, and when of a due consistency, pour it into the moulds.

CAKES.

Scones.—A quarter of a pound of flour, one ounce and a half of butter, a level teaspoonful of baking-powder, and a very little salt mixed with sweet milk or buttermilk. Baked over a slow fire on a girdle. Or the following is a Scotch receipt for making soda scones: Take two pounds of flour, and rub into it four ounces of butter and a pinch of salt, then take a sufficient quantity of sour buttermilk (in a jug) to mix the flour into a paste, not too stiff. Mix with cold water in a teacup, until dissolved, a good-sized teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. When properly mixed, toss it into the buttermilk, which must be sour; stir it up quickly until it effervesces; mix the flour with the milk, in its effervescent state, roll the paste to about a quarter of an inch thick, stamp it out in small, round cakes, and bake on a girdle over a nice clear fire. For flour scones, the flour is merely mixed with water, rolled out very thin, and slightly browned on the girdle. They should be quite limp, almost like leather, and sent to table in a folded napkin to keep them hot. *Girdle Cakes.*—Rub six ounces of sugar into two pounds of flour, add a little salt, and make the whole into a paste with a sufficient quantity of milk, roll it out, cut into round cakes, and bake on a girdle.

Delicious Brown Bread.—Take three pints of rye, and the same of corn-meal of the best quality, a few tablespoonfuls of mashed pumpkin, half a teacup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in warm water, and half a cup of yeast; mix all with warm water; make it as stiff as can be conveniently stirred with the hand; grease two earthen or iron pans, which are preferable, put the bread in them; have a bowl of cold water at hand, to smooth over the top, dipping your hand into the water; it rises faster than other bread, and, therefore, should not be made over night in summer, and in winter should stand in a cool place, until after the fire is in the oven. It requires a hot oven, and long baking—at least four hours.

Rolls.—Break an ounce of butter in very small pieces into a pound of the best flour, and add a little salt. Mix half an ounce of fresh German yeast, and a little pounded sugar in a teacupful of lukewarm, new milk; make a hollow in the center of the flour, and pour this in gradually, stirring in sufficient of the flour to make a thick batter; strew more flour on the top, cover the pan with a thick cloth, and let it stand in a warm kitchen to rise. In about an hour, if it has risen considerably, mix a lightly whisked egg with another teacupful of warm, new milk, and make the mass into a smooth dough. Cover it over as before, and in about half or three-quarters of an hour, turn it out on a pasteboard, and divide into twelve portions of equal size. Knead these as lightly as possible into small, round rolls, make a slight incision round them, and cut them once or twice across the top, placing them on slightly floured baking-sheets a few inches apart. Let them remain a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to rise, then wash the tops over with yolk of egg, mixed with a little milk, and bake them in a brisk oven for ten or fifteen minutes.

Luncheon Cake.—Make a sponge of a pint of lukewarm water, into which stir as much flour as will make a thick batter. Add a little salt, and a cupful of homemade yeast. Have a pound of dried currants nicely washed, and a quarter of a pound of raisins, stoned. Flour the fruit, and add it to the sponge when light. Stir together half a pound of sugar with three ounces of butter; add this, with one pound of flour, to the other ingredients, and as much milk as will make a soft dough. Knead it well, put it in a pan, let it rise again, and bake it in a moderate oven.

Indian Loaf.—To one quart of skimmed, sweet milk, put one teacup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a cup of new milk, a pint of corn-meal, a large handful of flour, and a little salt; this must be well beaten; then pour it into pans to bake, which requires five hours. Serve hot, and mixed just as baked.

Cookies.—Take one cup of butter, and four cups of flour, rub them well together; one cup of white sugar, two eggs, beat them to a froth; add half a teaspoonful of soda, a quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; mix together, roll thin, bake in a moderate oven.

Gillet Cake.—Take a cup and a half of sugar, two eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, raisins, nutmeg, flour.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF HEAVY BLACK SILK.—The skirt is not very long, and is trimmed with two rows of black velvet, each of which is placed between two rows of narrow velvet; the upper-skirt is gathered up at the sides and at the back by black velvet bows; the cape, which is also looped up in the back, is trimmed with velvet and guipure lace; pagoda sleeve, also trimmed with lace. Black velvet bonnet, ornamented with lace and a large poppy.

FIG. II.—WEDDING-DRESS OF WHITE TARLETAN, made over tarletan petticoats. The skirt is trimmed with one deep and full plaited flounce around the back; this flounce is deeper at the sides, and narrower again in front, where it forms a curve, and has a heading of narrow tarletan, which stands up, and a puffing of tarletan, with orange-blossoms and myrtle, mingled with the puffing. The heading to the flounce extends all around the skirt, but the flower ornament is only in front; a second flounce on the front, made in the same way, surmounts the lower one; a quilling of white ribbon extends from the waist to the lower ruching with flowers. Plain, high waist, made with points back and front, with *Louis XIV.* knots of ribbon. Long sleeves, with full plaited ruffles and ruching above them; very fine tarletan veil, and myrtle and orange-blossoms in the hair.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The skirt has one deep flounce gathered and headed by a rose quilling of

the silk. Black velvet mantle, almost tight-fitting, made with a basque, which has spring enough to set easily over the large *tournure* at the back, and cut with long, square tabs in front. The sleeves are large and loose, with a zig-zag lace trimming. Black silk ball-fringe around the basque. Black velvet bonnet, with blue field-flowers in front.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF CLARET-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is long and plain; the upper-skirt is plain also, and is bunched up in one large, soft puff. The black velvet sacque is quite short at the back, reaching only to the waist, with long, square tabs at the side, and shorter and rounded ones in front; the sleeves are wide, and the whole is trimmed with a band of sable fur. Black velvet bonnet, with a dark-red rose in front.

FIG. V.—TRAVELING-DRESS OF DARK PEARL-COLORED CASHMERE.—The under-skirt has a band of maroon-colored silk about a quarter of a yard deep around the bottom, headed by a bias band of silk; the upper-skirt is looped up on the hips, buttoned down the front, and trimmed with a bias band of the silk; coat-sleeves with *mousquetaire* cuffs. Straw hat, trimmed with maroon-colored velvet and black plumes.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with five narrow plaited ruffles on the front, and three ruffles of the same kind at the back; a small space is left untrimmed on each side, and each ruffle is finished at the end by a bow of plaited silk. The upper-skirt is very short in front, is cut in two sharp points, and looped up in the back by a large bow; it is trimmed by a plaited ruffle. Small basque, open at the back, and finished like the skirts.

FIG. VII.—HIGH BODICE, WITH POSTILLION BASQUE.—For description see the page on which is printed the diagram.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CHESTNUT-BROWN POPLIN.—The lower-skirt with one wide plaited ruffle with a heading, and with two narrow trimmings of the same style as the heading, of a shade of poplin of a darker brown than the dress itself. The upper-skirt is of chestnut-brown, trimmed to correspond with the under-skirt; the upper-skirt is open at the sides, and confined by straps and bows of the darker poplin. High waist and close sleeves to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE.—The under-skirt is trimmed with three scant ruffles of the cashmere, each of which is headed with three rows of maroon velvet. The upper-skirt is plain and not very wide, about three-quarters of a yard in depth in front, and a little over a yard in depth behind; it is trimmed with three rows of maroon velvet, and looped up in the back. Loose jacket, open on the sides and at the back, and trimmed with three rows of maroon velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As stated in our October number, cashmere is more popular than ever. It is less expensive than silk, falls softly and gracefully in the folds required for the present style of dress, and can be worn on almost any occasion. To make the costume more dressy, the petticoat can be of silk instead of cashmere, and if black, it can be trimmed with a good deal of guipure lace, fringe, or gimp of a wide kind, known as *passementerie*. Of course, with these expensive trimmings the cashmere suit would cost as much as a silk one. The colors are much less bright than those of former seasons; the old-fashioned plum and prune colors, (the former on a purplish cast, the latter on a blue,) dark, forest-green, olive-green, navy-blue, chestnut-brown, slate-grays, etc., etc., are all being revived; these are seen in poplins, merinoes, silks, etc., etc., but in an infinite variety of shades.

BRAIDING is being revived on dresses, mantles, etc., but a round braid is used in place of the flat braid formerly in vogue, and looks much more like embroidery. Braid of the color of the dress should always be used.

CURIOUS COMBINATIONS OF COLOR are now in use, such as maroon and light-blue, maroon and chestnut, maroon and gray, etc. Petticoats of black velvet are very popular, as they can be worn with almost any costume. We have seen one with a flounce of embroidered foulard silk around the bottom, and worn with a foulard casaque, looped up high on the hips. Black silk petticoats can also be worn with almost any costume. Over these can be worn the long casaque of any color, which can be so gracefully looped up at the sides or the back, or the short, draped over-dress, with the loose or tight-fitting sacque. There is a prophecy of fewer trimmings than formerly on the lower-skirt or petticoat, but we have seen no evidence of it as yet. Basques of all kinds will be worn, and either with or without belts, as may be desired, and with or without a large bow at the back. The costumes made from the gray or brown Scotch shawls are exceedingly nice and useful, only they should be draped by a tasteful hand if they are to look elegant.

FOR EVENING DRESSES, the most delicate colors are used; the waists are low in the neck, or cut out in a heart-shape in front, with rather wide hanging sleeves. The skirts are much or little trimmed, to suit the taste of the wearer; flounces pinked, or scalloped, and bound; ruches made of the silk raveled out; flounces of white embroidery on muslin, are all used, with, in fact, any other mode of trimming that the fancy may dictate.

We give in our steel plate some of the newest style of basques; they can be made of velvet, beaver-cloth, silk, plush, cashmere, or any other material that may be deemed best. Sleeves are either of the coat-shape or loose; if the latter, a tight-fitting dress sleeve should be worn underneath. The mantle called *Infante* is destined to be a great success. It consists of two capes, which are square in front. At the back it has a sort of long, flat plait, which descends midway, and is fastened to the waistband. The form is well suited to a tall, slight figure.

The *Infante* is made of black China *crepe*, ornamented with a very fine round braid that has all the effect of embroidery. It is edged with handsome black blond, which may be replaced either by a fringe with a netted heading or by *guipure*. The *Infante* mantle is also made of the same material as the dress. We have seen it completing a gray cashmere costume. The petticoat, which was extremely novel, was of gray silk, trimmed with cross-bands of cashmere to the waist. Each band was edged with a gray worsted Tom Thumb fringe. The cashmere tunic that opened in front, was bordered with a cross-band of gray silk, edged with the tiny ball-fringe. It was looped up at the back with a single *pouf*. The *Infante* mantle had no other trimming than a silk cross-band with worsted ball-fringe. The effect was charming.

BONNETS have decidedly altered in shape since last winter. All through the summer small alterations have crept in, and though there are various modifications of what is called the "Marie Antoinette Gipsy," all bonnets tend to the gipsy shape. These have suitable crowns, and caps, and strings tying under the chin. Satin will not be much worn: but velvet will take its place. Two or three shades of the same color will be worn in one bonnet, with tips of feathers shaded to correspond, and a large flower. Black velvet bonnets are trimmed with white plumes, white lace, or pipings of white satin.

AMONG THE MATERIALS that we can recommend are the Buffalo-brand Alpacas and the Sable-brand Brilliantines. We have, on a preceding occasion, spoken of the former. The latter, in its way, is equally desirable. They can be had, not only at all the best drygoods shops in our great cities, but also in all good country stores. They are particularly seasonable at this time of the year.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FOR the engravings, see the front of the number. For the descriptions, and how to make the dresses, see the article, "Every-Day Dresses," etc., etc.

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